VOL. CXXXIV
No. 1747

JUNE 9 1937

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER

1/=

Lowen

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering.–Grand Hotel Panhans.–World-renow'd htl. of Aust. Alps. 60 mls. fr. Vienna. Sports, Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Hotl. Erzherzog Johann of his. fame, sit. on Sem'ing. Pass & cen. of sports. Mod. comfts. Pen. 10/- up. Same Man. as Grand Panhans.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.–Palace Hotel.–Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf, Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.—1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. de C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs. 35. Open all the year.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.–200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—
Brenners Stephanie Hotel.

Baden-Baden.–Brenners Park Hotel–Fam. Hotel de Luxe facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pens. fr. 14M.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Baden - Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. R.M.4. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.—
Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage.
Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date; exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds from baths.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Hoff.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. —
Left exit of Central Station.
300 beds, from R.M.4.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen —Hotels Gibson/Schönblick —First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M 7 to R.M 9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.–First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks. 6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.**–20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

ITALY.

Stresa.—Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet, yet cent. Write for new broch. & map "E."

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

At the PARIS Offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

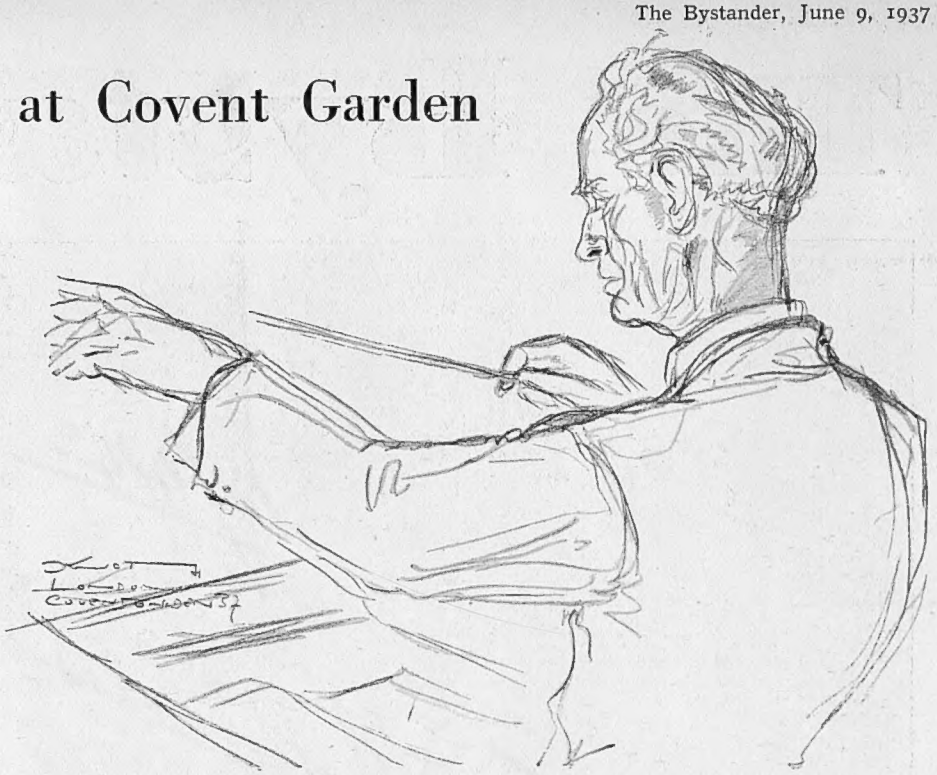
The Bystander

Lady Elizabeth Montagu

Lady Betty Montagu is the attractive younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich; she came out last year and made her first appearance at Court at the Garden Reception at Buckingham Palace which was abandoned because of the pouring rain. She will be twenty this year, is spending this season in London with her parents. Her father's place in Huntingdon is Hinchingbrooke from which her elder brother takes his Viscount's title. Both her brothers are married: Lord Hinchingbrooke to Rosemary Peto three years ago, and the Hon. Drogo Montagu in 1935 to Lord Beaverbrook's daughter as his second wife. Lady Sandwich is American — was Miss Sturges of New York — and her elder daughter, Lady Faith Montagu, has spent a good deal of her time during the last few years on the other side of the Atlantic

The Opera Season at Covent Garden

By W. J. Turner



". . . The greatest of living German conductors. Dr. Furtwängler's performances have been notable for the beauty and delicacy of the orchestral playing"

FOR the Coronation year Sir Thomas Beecham has provided an opera season at Covent Garden of exceptional diversity. Opening with Verdi's *Otello*, conducted by himself with great brilliance, he reintroduced to the London public the famous Italian tenor, Martinelli, who had not sung in London for many years.

Martinelli was one of Puccini's discoveries; he had sung at Covent Garden in 1912 as a young man, but he is now in his prime and had never been heard here in the rôle of Otello. He is one of the best tenors of the age and has an unusually handsome and dignified presence; but the ideal Otello would be a tenor of a more heroic stature and even more powerful voice. Nevertheless, the excellence of his singing and the incisiveness of his acting made Martinelli's performance a memorable one. His exceptional quality as a singer has been abundantly proved by his later performances as Radamès in *Aïda* and Calaf in *Turandot*.

In the latter opera Miss Eva Turner made an impressive reappearance as the Princess. Her splendidly even, clear-cut singing tone is perfectly suited to the cold and cruel personality of the Princess Turandot, and she also possesses the required dignity of style.

Turandot was conducted with much vigour by Mr. John Barbirolli, who, as everybody knows, has been conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with great success.

ANOTHER Puccini opera to be given this season was *Tosca*, with the famous American baritone, Lawrence Tibbett, making his first London appearance in the part of Scarpia. Mr. Tibbett acts and sings with impressive force and has a fine bass-baritone voice which has been very well trained so that he has full command of it over a large range, producing plenty of tone in his mezza-voce and without tremolo.

"Lawrence Tibbett acts and sings with impressive force" in the part of Scarpia in "Tosca." This sketch and the one of Furtwängler are by Knoth

The casts of the Italian operas this season have otherwise not been exceptionally notable but have reached a good sound level, as also the performances generally under the well-known and experienced Italian conductor, Francesco Salfi.

FOR once in a while it has been France rather than Italy which has provided the counter-balance to the German opera this season. There have been no fewer than three notable productions specially brought over from Paris, with scenery, cast, chorus, and conductor all complete—namely, Paul Dukas' *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*, Glück's *Alceste*, and Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

Ariane et Barbe Bleue had not been heard in London, although Dukas, who died recently, had for long been one of the most eminent of French composers, and was well-known to music-lovers by his orchestral piece, "L'Apprenti-Sorcier." His opera with its Maeterlinckian symbolism was very well performed under M. Philippe Gaubert, but it is rather too static ever to prove popular, and musically it is more notable for fine craftsmanship than for inspiration.

It is also very much a one-rôle opera, for the part of Ariane—finely, but perhaps a little too robustly represented by Mme. Germaine Lubin—dominates the whole opera.

Mme. Lubin also took the part of Alceste in the fine production brought from the Paris Opéra and also given under M. Philippe Gaubert. This production of *Alceste* has been events of the season, for Glück's masterpiece is now very rarely heard. It made a tremendous impression not only upon the musicians but obviously upon the Covent Garden public, and it ought to be brought over again next year.

ALMOST welcome revival was that of Debussy's unique opera, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, brought over from the Théâtre des Champs Élysées and conducted by M. Albert Wolff. The general production of this opera was the most successful we have seen at Covent Garden. The scenery was excellently designed with the mysterious and somewhat gloomy atmosphere of Maeterlinck's drama admirably suggested. The lighting was very skilfully directed so that the protagonists from scene to scene were clearly visible, and their gestures and expressions plainly discernible, and on the musical side there was no failure in achieving the intentions of the composer.

The orchestral playing under M. Wolff, who conducted the work without a score and obviously knew every note of it, was superb in its lucidity and precision. The understanding between the singers and the conductor was exceptionally close, and the result was that many people hearing this strange masterpiece for the first time were vividly impressed by it, while the musicians, of course, delighted in this remarkable score.

The cast was altogether excellent. Miss Lisa Perli has just the right voice and personality for Mélisande, and she had a youthful, handsome and appropriate Pelléas in M. André Gaudin. The performance of M. Vanni Marcoux as Goland could hardly have been bettered.

IT remains to say something of the "Ring," which this season has been conducted by the greatest of living German conductors, Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler. Dr. Furtwängler's performances have been notable for the beauty and delicacy of the orchestral playing.

The cast has consisted chiefly of singers familiar to Covent Garden audiences now for some years. Frida Leider's Brünnhilde, Rudolf Bockelmann's Wotan, Herbert Jannsen's Gunther are too well-known to need special mention. An unusually fine Alberich in Eugen Fuchs, an excellent Mime in Erich Zimmerman, and a very good new Siegfried in Max Lorenz must be recorded. Herr Volker and Mme. Müller were an admirable Siegmund and Sieglinde, while the appearance later of Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad in *Siegfried* must be noted. The glorious fresh and pure voice of Mme. Flagstad was one of the memories of this season's "Ring" to be cherished, but the season altogether must be reckoned as one of the best we have had at Covent Garden for many years.

The Herbert Christening

Lord and Lady Herbert's baby daughter was christened last week at Lambeth Palace Chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury. She was given the names Diana Mary and had as godparents the Duchess of Kent, to whom Lady Herbert is lady-in-waiting, Lady Linlithgow (aunt), Lord Hambleden (uncle), Mrs. Bowes Daly and Captain Malcolm Bullock. Lady Herbert is Lord Linlithgow's only sister, was Lady Mary Hope, married the Earl of Pembroke's heir last July in Westminster Abbey. Lord Herbert is Equerry to the Duke of Kent, who was best man at the wedding

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Christian Bérard Decorates a Barge-Restaurant

Otto Salomon

Lady Anne Bridgeman, by Professor Loewenthal

The Earl of Bradford's younger daughter has been sitting to Professor Loewenthal, the sculptor, and this working picture was taken in his St. John's Wood studio

Left: Christian Bérard, the French artist, whose brilliant decor for Massine's Berlioz ballet is his work best known in London, has decorated "Pampa," the Argentine barge-restaurant in the Paris Exhibition. With him watching work on Pampa is Mme. Juan Larivière, the lovely wife of the Argentine First Secretary in Paris

THE Prime Minister has opened his career with a grand gesture of deference to public opinion. His National Defence Contribution—in other words, his tax upon industrial profits—met with a solid wall of public hostility. A more stubborn man might have refused to listen to the voice of the world. A vainer man might have felt that a retreat at the very beginning of his Premiership was humiliating. But Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself to be neither stubborn or vain. He has abandoned his tax and has thereby gained the esteem and the respect of politicians on all sides of the House.

It now remains to be seen what substitute Sir John Simon, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be able to devise. Everyone, including high finance and big business, is agreed that the rising boom in trade, which is being created by the rearmament campaign, must contribute something to the Exchequer. It is now for Sir John to find the method.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S retreat was made easier for him than might have been expected by the superb Parliamentary brilliance of Mr. Winston Churchill. To those who did not know what debating skill was like in the halcyon days before the war, Mr. Churchill's display was an eye-opener. For nearly an hour he held the House entranced by a mixture of wit and wisdom and felicitous phrase, and the delicious part of it was that he poked incessant fun at himself, describing the occasions on which he had gained prestige and popularity by beating hasty and well-timed retreats.

After Mr. Churchill had finished it was obvious that Mr. Chamberlain's retrograde movements had been made easier for him by a master hand.

THE new Minister of Transport, Dr. Burgin, has had to begin his career with a climb-down. He has withdrawn the absurd regulation which gives power to official car-testers to examine the brakes, silencers, and steering-gear of a car without giving previous notice to the owner. It is difficult to understand how such an absurd regulation was contemplated, and Dr. Burgin's quick withdrawal has been welcomed with acclamation by all responsible Ministers.

The Minister was on firmer ground when he said that there could not be any substantial objection to the prohibition of dangerous mascots. Those silver or glass birds which project almost a foot in front of the bonnet can be as dangerous as a stiletto.

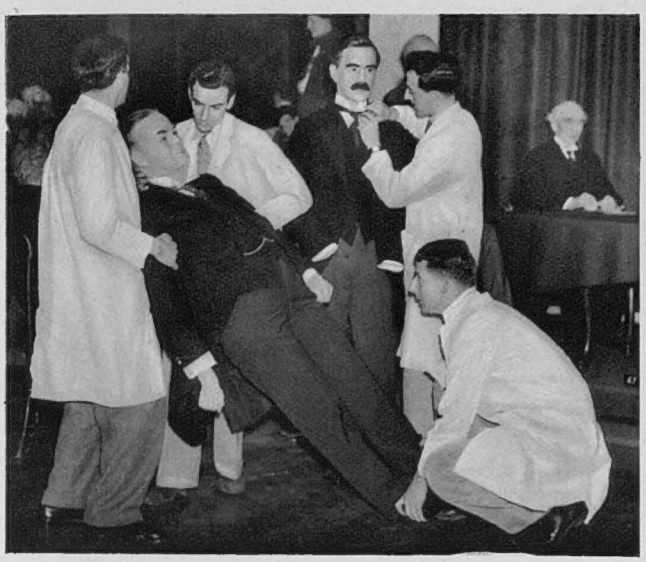
THE death of General Mola in the aeroplane accident brings home the new position which modern commanders-in-chief occupy in modern wars. Or rather, it is in a new position by a return to the ancient one. In the Middle Ages commanders ran the same risks as the men. In modern wars, especially in the World War, generals were apt to remain a good many miles from danger. Now, with the ever-increasing importance of the aeroplane, commanders are beginning once again to risk their lives.

THERE seems to be a devilish and malign influence at work in the affairs of the Spanish Peninsula. Last week I wrote of the hopeful atmosphere which had been created by the visit of Field-Marshal von Blomberg to London for the Coronation. It looked as if Germany might really agree to the withdrawal of her men from Spain.

All those hopes have been horribly extinguished by the performance of the two Spanish aviators at the Island of Iviza. The killing of the sailors of the Deutschland is not only a tragedy in itself, but it has set back the course of international amity, disastrously. The aviators claim that they were fired upon by the Deutschland's anti-aircraft batteries, but as it is admitted that the men of the Deutschland were not at action-stations when the bombs fell, it is difficult to understand how they could have been manning the anti-aircraft batteries.

BUT the killing of these unfortunate men does not in any way justify the savage reprisals on the undefended port of Almeria. The wave of sympathy which was universally extended towards Germany abruptly receded when the news arrived that in order to salve the hurt feelings of the Reich, a number of women and children had been savagely killed by the naval bombardment.

GERMANY'S attitude to the Vatican is leading to a great deal of perplexity. On the one hand, Germany's sympathies, energies, and, to a certain extent, resources, are being expended on behalf of General Franco and his Catholic adherents in Spain. On the other hand, German aeroplanes are unquestionably bombarding the Catholic Basques, and to complete the muddle, Herr Hitler is threatening to break off diplomatic relations with the Vatican on account of the activities of Cardinal Mundelein in America. It is all very puzzling.



Changes in the Cabinet

Mr. Baldwin was gently and reverently carried out of the Cabinet room and Mr. Chamberlain was touched up to meet his added responsibilities (having apparently left his hands in the Treasury for the meanwhile). Other members of the Cabinet had a dust-over too, and new members were cast: such are the repercussions of politics in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition

Queen Mary Goes to a Ballet Gala

Queen Mary was greeted by the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia at the Coliseum when she went with the Duke and Duchess of Kent to the first night of the Blum Ballet Company's season in London which was arranged as a gala premiere in aid of summer camps for Russian children

As usual in a dry June there has been an outbreak of heath fires in Surrey, and troops, complete with gas-masks, have been rushed to the rescue of the Devil's Punchbowl.

Speaking with all the knowledge and experience of a veteran fire-fighter, I would like to record my opinion that fire-fighting on the Surrey commons is a sheer waste of time.

The fires never do the slightest harm to anyone, and they burn themselves out quickly, as well as providing a magnificent free spectacle.

So far as I know there has not been a case of a heath fire harming a building, and I am firmly convinced that Mr. Max Beerbohm was absolutely right when he said that firemen are spoil-sports.

THE English company which is playing *Hamlet* at Elsinore is treading on sacred ground. There is not the slightest evidence that Shakespeare ever went to Denmark. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence that I have been to Denmark. I have walked on the little terrace covered with moss and weeds, on which it is traditionally said that the ghost walked. This little terrace, hardly more than ten yards long, is one of the most romantic spots in the world. A bucolic countryman from Warwickshire imagined a scene of immortality without ever going to Elsinore.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance and Cabaret"—will be found on pages K to O before the Frontispiece

MR. B. WALTON O'DONNELL is leaving his post as conductor of the Wireless Military Band at Broadcasting House to become the musical director of the B.B.C. in Belfast.

I only hope that this will not mean that Mr. O'Donnell's cricket will be hampered, as Mr. O'Donnell is a very skilful slow left-hand bowler, and has a beautiful forcing left-hand bat. He is also a very able kicker of leg-byes, a knack which causes a good deal of amusement to his cricketing friends.

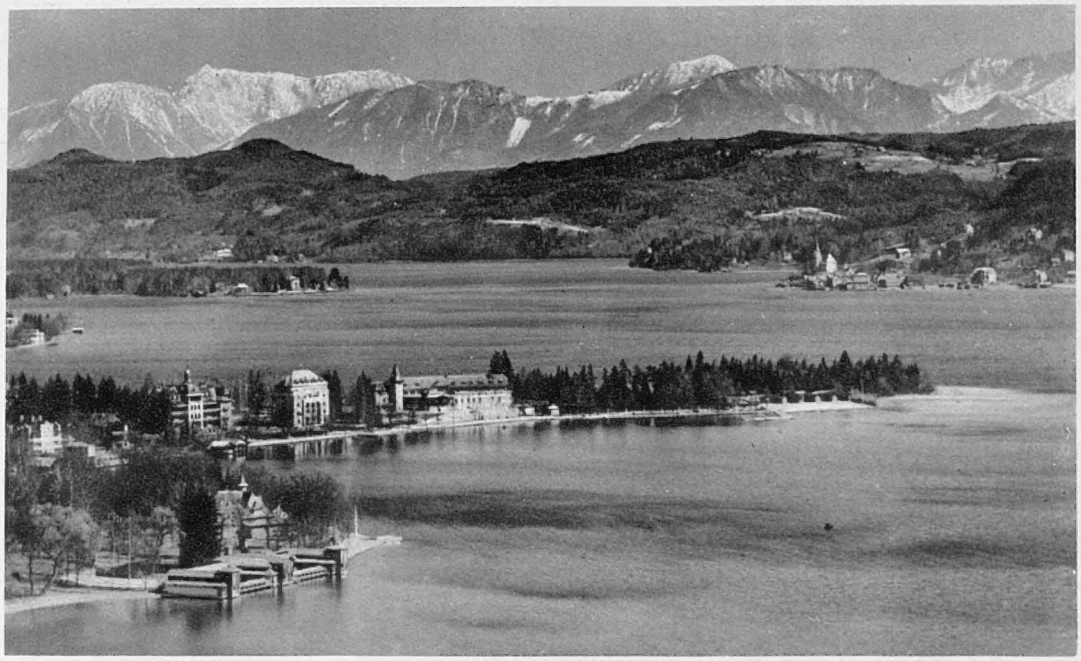
THE trials of the big-race yachts for the America's Cup remind us of the unfortunate incidents during the races of 1934. Anglo-American relations were not conspicuously improved on that occasion, and everyone who believes in the future of the English-Speaking Union will fervently pray that this year's series of races will be conducted on somewhat different lines.

LAST week I wrote about the Bat and Ball Inn, Broadhalfpenny Down, Hampshire, and the proposal of the brewers, who own the inn, to renovate the classic old interior, which was the club-room of the ancient cricketers. I am happy to be able to say now that, as usual, I was completely wrong. The brewers are as warmly alive to the historic associations of the Bat and Ball as anyone else. They do not propose to commit any act of vandalism. And when I say that the brewers in question are Messrs. Henty and Constable, anyone who has walked or motored in Sussex will realise that the firm which has scattered the South country with lovely inn signs could not possibly have contemplated the destruction of one of England's classic spots.

MR. ROBERT SWEENY is a worthy amateur golf champion, but I cannot help shedding a tear for Mr. Lionel Munn. Mr. Munn so very nearly came to victory in his fiftieth year, fighting against the handicap of twenty-five years, a severe wound in the war, and incessantly recurring illness. He is the great example of how to play golf in the grand manner of the ancients. He does not carry ten mashie-niblicks, nor does he hit the ball a mile into the air at every stroke. He plays, in fact, in the style of John Ball and Freddie Tait, and that greatest of all lovely stylists, Archie Simpson.

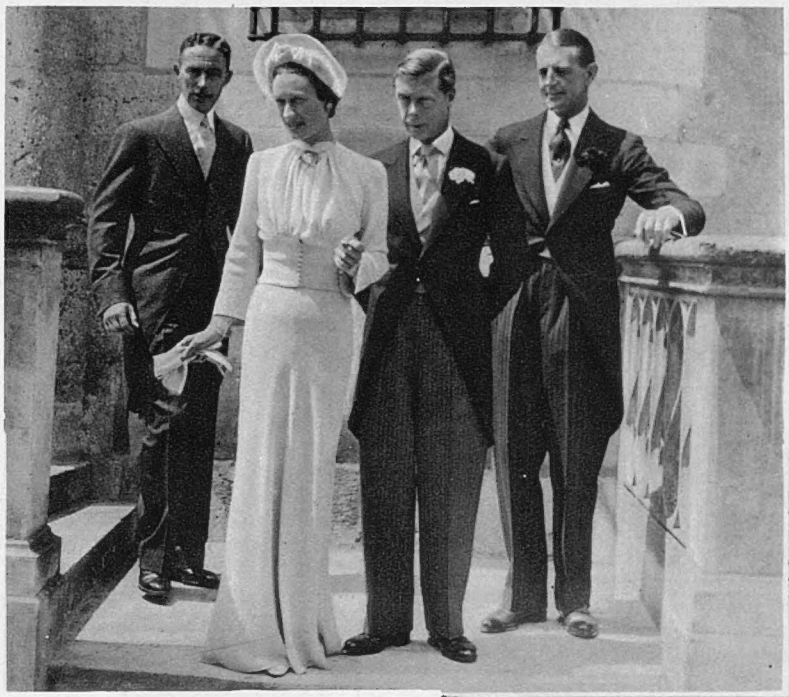
The British Ambassador in Berlin

The Duke of Coburg, president of the German English Society, is talking to Sir Nevile Henderson at the dinner given in Berlin in the new British Ambassador's honour. Sir Nevile Henderson made his first speech since his appointment, the friendly tone of which was greeted with appreciation by the German Press



Schloss Wasserleonburg, where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are spending their honeymoon, stands on the lovely Wörthersee in Austria (top right of picture). The Duke has taken the Schloss for three months from Count Paul Munster

Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Randolph Churchill were setting off from Monts for the Château before the wedding



Left: after the wedding—the Duke and Duchess on the steps of the Château with their two witnesses, Mr. Herman Rogers, who gave the bride away, and Major E. D. Metcalfe, who acted as the Duke's best man

Below is Dr. Mercier, the Mayor of Monts, who conducted the French civil wedding, leaving for the Château

The Mayor of Monts

The Duke of Windsor's Wedding to Mrs. Wallis Warfield

Lord Castlerosse with his pipe and his notebook settled down on the grass outside the Château gate to make his comments on the day

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were photographed the day before their wedding in the music-room of the Château de Candé where the Church of England marriage service took place. The Duchess wore a two-piece crêpe dress of the powder-blue now known as "Wallis blue," with a halo hat of the same colour, and sapphire and diamond jewellery

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Sir Charles Rose and Miss Phillimore

Sir Charles Rose, the airman son of the late Sir Frank Rose and Lady Rose, of Whitchurch, Oxon., married the Hon. Phoebe Phillimore at St. Peter and St. Paul, Shiplake. She is the daughter of Lord Phillimore and the late Mrs. Phillimore, of Coppid Hall, Henley-on-Thames

An indescribable elegance hovered about the most exclusive party of the season, which took place in Hill Street the other afternoon. There were not more than two hundred present, and Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck received upstairs as the Duke and Duchess of Portland were awaiting Queen Mary in the entrance.

The three guests of honour were celebrating their Golden Weddings, and their friends of the far-off Victorian Golden Jubilee Year of 1887 were around them with their children and grandchildren. Each had been presented with a gold tray and hand-bell.

Presently Queen Mary arrived, and the Duke of Portland made a charming speech—intimate, informal—about the three: Lady Salisbury, Lady Desborough, and Lady Kenmare; and he added that it was also a real house-warming, as it was the first time he had welcomed Queen Mary to his new house. Lord Salisbury, as the youngest of the bridegrooms, made a witty reply ("bridegrooms don't count"), and an ex-Vicereine of India, Lady Minto, spoke.

Present were all our most popular dowagers and their daughters, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Ian Malcolm, Lady Titchfield, Lady D'Abernon (our loveliest Seventh-Edwardian), Katherine Duchess of Westminster, and many of the younger ones, Lady Gage and Lady Cranbourne.

"The real élite," they all felt, as presently they tasted a sumptuous "collation"—I think that 's the period word—that included caviare, marvellous cakes, ices and (yes) cocktails. A real game of "Happy Families"—and not a divorced one there . . .

A Difficult Opera

The new production of *Falstaff* would have drawn a more exciting house had it not been for the tradition that Covent Garden suffers socially from Derby Week. With dinners at Lady Louis Mountbatten's and the Sutherlands', many familiar faces were absent.

Lady Mairi Stewart sat in Lady Cunard's box. Lady Ludlow, still receiving congratulations on her grand—and grandly organised—music-with-dancing, Gigli and jazz, had a grandson in her box; Mrs. Philip Hill, Lady Tweeddale sitting with Johnnie Churchill, Dr. Furtwängler taking his idea of a holiday, Mme. Toscanini, the Geoffrey Toyes, and Mrs. Farquharson were there.

The scenery, rather too "olde worlde" and "desirable" at moments, was by Hamish Wilson, of Glyndebourne, and, sure enough, a bit of the Sussex Downs oddly appeared in the midst of Windsor.

Licia Albanese and Maria Caniglia pleased enormously, though the experts were explaining, in between short drinks at the long bar, that it was a very difficult opera, with its demand of perfect ensemble, and therefore unsuitable for Covent Garden, famed for its perilous improvisation. "We heard it under Toscanini at the Scala," was a useful remark that compelled respect.

Packed to the Edges

Never has the famous annual Derby Ball been a more fantastic success. That great ballroom at Grosvenor House was packed way out to the edges, and every one of Lady Milbanke's and Mrs. James Fields' legion of friends turned up to support them.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were at their table, also the Duchess of Marlborough and the lovely Lady Nunburnholme. Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford was a hostess at one of the longest tables, among her guests that we noticed being Captain and Mrs. Jameson, who are neighbours of the Charles Cavendish's in Ireland, and seldom seen in London. Mrs. Jameson is a clever artist and recently had an exhibition of her paintings at the Leicester Galleries.

A Heartbreak for Managers

Lord Plunket ranks high among the portrait painters of amateur status. He puts in many hours at his Kensington studio, and is at present engaged on a portrait of Sir Anthony Weldon. One of his most successful recent pictures is of Mrs. Vivienne Emanuel, whom he painted in a becoming Tyrolean costume.

The Plunkets have taken Albury Park, near Guildford, which belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, for the summer, and had a house-party last week for Epsom.

Lady Plunket conscientiously leaves this lovely country house and comes up to London day by day to rehearse with a new partner, Maurice, for her dance at the Rose Ball at Grosvenor House to-night. Walter Crisham, who has danced with her so often, is, alas! seriously ill.

Lady Plunket takes her dancing very seriously, using it good heartedly in the cause of charity, no effort is considered too tiring.

She must be a heartbreak for agents and managers on the look-out for star turns, for there are few professional exhibition ballroom dancers who can hold a candle to her.

Three Grandmothers

Among the guests at Albury Park lately has been her mother, to whom she is deeply devoted. "Grannie Fanny" as her grandsons affectionately call her, has not been quite her gay self of late.

Until the Dowager Lady Dufferin died last year, the Plunket children owned two grandmothers and a great-grandmother; hence the necessity to make such picturesque use of their maternal grandmère's Christian name.

Thrill of Country Parties

Grown-ups are never too grown-up to be thrilled by a lovely party in the country, with moonlit lawns, marquees,and all the attendant attractions.

On the night of the Edward Barons' dance at Fulmer Chase last week, a sudden whiff of cold air made sitting-out a risky proceeding, but it was fine, and indoors there were all the ingredients of the Perfect Party.

We have never heard a better cabaret artist than Mr. Melvyn Douglas, who is performing at Ciro's (even "Peter" took a night off and attended this party). He sang number after number to vociferous applause. His sense of rhythm is quite remarkable, and he has a voice of such volume that you suspect hidden microphones—but you 're wrong.

Mrs. Baron wore a lovely white dress, her daughters were in white and pale pink. Her sister, Mrs. Hood, a very recent bride, wore black and a sequined veil thrown over her head. The Simon Elwes's and one of his charming sisters, Claire, were there; Sir John and Lady Dashwood (her red velvet coat was lovely), the Peter Koch de Gooreynds (he has just paid a lightning visit to America in connection with his newly discovered lenses); Lady Plunket, in a coral and gold dress and a shaded feather boa; and that tall and popular girl, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell.

Roof Entertaining

Mr. Charles Birkin, one of the most hospitable of hosts among the younger set, has just returned from a long visit to New York and Hollywood.

His lovely top storey flat in Portman Square is ideal for informal entertaining, and while enjoying a cocktail on his roof, we got a glimpse of Miss Elizabeth Allan's new bar in her adjoining flat.

Lunching at Mr. Birkin's the other day were Mrs. Herbert Shipman, who is amusing, kindly, and a great New York hostess; Lady Carlisle, Miss Janet Johnson, a charming young Australian actress who has just taken over Miss Vivien Leigh's part in *Bats in the Belfry*; Mr. Peter Coats, and Mr. Kay Mills, a clever young American journalist who is very popular in London.

In Honour of Maharajahs

On Monday last, Sir Anthony Weldon and Mr. Frankie More O'Farrell gave a cocktail-party for several Maharajas. Their Highnesses of Rajpipla, Johpur, Jaipur, Cooch Behar, and the Yuvorajah of Mysore were among them.

The party took place at a restaurant in Park Lane, and the elongated garden scattered with awning-covered seats made a cool and comfortable sitting-out place.

Lady Weymouth, whom we had seen at a luncheon dress show at Lansdowne House earlier that day, looked lovely in a black dress and no hat. The Duchess of Westminster, in a summery yellow number, has the new turned-under long bob coiffure. Despite the heat, short mink capes were worn by Lady Willoughby de Broke and Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger.

Little Lady Milton, in blue and white, arrived late with her husband, and left early for a family dinner-party that preceded the FitzWilliam ball. Young marrieds like the Muskers and Antony Actons and Mrs. Sweeny, clustered in a corner of the garden. The latter's husband has had to go to Baden-Baden for a final convalescence after his serious illness. "Bobbie's" golf victory was a popular topic of conversation.

It was an outstandingly good party, so much so that a rival six o'clock hostess of the day went to this party and left her husband to cope with their own guests!

Major Humphrey and Miss Barclay-Harvey

Major James Humphrey, of Montreal, son of the late William Humphrey and Mrs. Humphrey, of St. John's, N.B., and Violet Barclay-Harvey, Sir Malcolm and the late Mrs. Barclay-Harvey's only child, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

At the Royal Caledonian Ball

Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper went to the ball the night that his new appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty was announced; he is with Lady Stanley and Lord Rosebery. The ball was held at Grosvenor House

Paris Postscript

IT is June, and admittedly much of the Exhibition is not ready, but jokes about the forests of scaffolding, the ladders and paint-pots, the clenched fists and red flags, are no longer so funny because this Great Exhibition is proving really great. Its proportions are staggering. The conception and *mise-en-scène* are by the greatest artist, the most inspired impresario in the world—La Belle France. Unpunctuality is a woman's privilege and France is a feminine country, but believe us this show was worth waiting for and now the show is on—not a polished performance, not even a dress rehearsal, but what an unbelievable ballet!

Something everywhere and nothing the same. Miles and miles of pavilions, of statues and fountains, of floodlighting and restaurants, fun fairs, night clubs and snack counters from the "Nid des Oiseaux" run by the Ritz on the roof of the Pavilion d'Elegance, to the ham rolls handed out by a descendant of Napoleonic "vivandières" at 2 francs 50 cents. Rivalling each other for ultimate chic are the British restaurant organised by Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, and the Argentine barge Pampa moored to the Pont Alexandre III.

Angry Beauty

RIVALLING each other at the heart of the Exhibition are the giant pavilions—U.S.S.R. and Nazi. Alarming in its frank, fierce propaganda is the Soviet skyscraper. When its towering silver figures, male and female, were completed, the German eagle crowed because his wings stretch a metre higher, as the pigeons fly from roof to roof. Both pavilions are terrifying in their brutal efficiency, their angry, clinical beauty.

The old Eiffel Tower (temp. 1889) left over from another show, another century, still looks down on the newcomers—an iron cynic above the mechanical mäelstrom. The Seine still slips by behind green trees, and the French children still scream for "bon-bons acidulées." It is perhaps not such a bad world, shrugs a workman, scraping a statue's neck, watched by thousands who have paid to see finishing touches put to the Paris Exhibition of 1937-38. It will last at least a year, so even the Esquimaux have time to get there.

MISS PEEPS

Right: it was a St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, wedding between Robert Rivers-Bulkeley, Scots Guards, and Charmian Fane. He is the late Captain T. H. Rivers - Bulkeley and Mrs. Rivers - Bulkeley's son; she is Major Henry Fane and the Hon. Mrs. Fane's daughter

Below: Lord Carew, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and Lady Sylvia Maitland were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is Lord and Lady Lauderdale's only daughter; she received wedding presents from Queen Victoria of Spain and Princess Viggo of Denmark

Mr. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley and Miss Charmian Fane

The Derby Ball Again

Lady Milbanke Has Her Annual Success

Below: the Duke of Gloucester is sitting between Lady Ursula Manners and Miss Libby Holman, the American "torch" singer, who appeared in the Ball cabaret

Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow took a big party to Grosvenor House, where the Ball was held; at this corner of their table were sitting the Maharani of Cooch-Behar, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, Lady Baillie, the Maharaja of Jaipur, Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, and Sir Adrian Baillie, M.P. Walking behind the table are Lady Milbanke and the Duke of Gloucester

Here is Lady Nunburnholme, who was another of the hostesses to a party, talking to Mr. S. O. Kellett

Right: Lady Isobel Guinness and her husband, Mr. Loel Guinness, were there. She and her sister were two of the lovely band of programme-sellers

The Duchess of Rutland was a member of the Ball Committee; she is talking to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton and Mrs. "Mike" Wardell. The Ball was given, as it always is, in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital

Lady Milbanke, who has organised the Ball brilliantly for several years, had Mrs. James Field as her co-chairman this year. With them is Sir John Milbanke

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 23

Robert Sweeny

BOBBY SWEENY is a fortunate young man—not because he is the new Amateur Champion, but because he appreciates the fact that he has the most charming family one could wish for. A delightful and good-looking father, a handsome and devoted mother, a really nice brother and a beautiful sister-in-law constitute the nucleus of a graded set of relatives only broken by the death of his Uncle Frank. Bobby himself is, I am glad to say on the best authority, completely heart-whole and fancy free. And if there are any flies in the amber of his enjoyment, they are a suggested facial resemblance to a certain Irish pugilist and the utterly groundless rumour of his engagement to a certain Anglo-American film actress. (He has long ceased to mind having his surname spelt with three " e's.") Born in Pasadena, California, twenty-five years ago, Bobby was educated at Canterbury, Connecticut, commuting to Le Touquet for the holidays from the age of thirteen to eighteen, when an effective series of lessons from Theodosius, the great Oxford crammer, enabled him to enter Wadham College and get his blue. Two years in the London office of G. M.-P. Murphy, prominent members of the New York Stock Exchange, preceded a year in their Wall Street office. This sharpened up both his golf and his business abilities. For Bobby was a finalist in the New York State Championship, and returned to join Philip Hill and Partners in their management and organisation department. Here he is making a great success of himself, as indeed one could expect of the son of the Chairman of the Federated Trust and Finance Corporation.

As a golfer, Bobby is both lengthy and accurate, his favourite shot being the long spoon, and his favourite caddie being Paddy O'Neill, who always carries for him at Sandwich. It was at Le Touquet that he learnt golf, and many good players can still remember how hard it was to beat this curly-haired blue-eyed American schoolboy of sixteen. It was also Bobby and his brother Charlie who first popularised milk as a luncheon beverage before the afternoon round.

Bobby says he is a lucky golfer. Well, fortune favours the brave, and his 40-foot putt at the 19th to beat Bromley Davenport and enter the semi-finals was the acme of courage. He thinks that in the final itself the most deciding shot of the match was when Lionel Munn drove into the bunker at the Maiden, and he duly considers the old course at St. Andrews to be his favourite links. But golf is by no means his only accomplishment. At school he was on the football, baseball and tennis teams, for which last-named he has several cups. He is a strong swimmer, a fine diver, and he also dances uncommonly well.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, London

Prince and Princess Chichibu of Japan

Prince Chichibu of Japan is a cadet of a dynasty which was old when Pericles ruled in Athens. His elder brother, the Emperor of Japan, is the hundred-and-twenty-fourth of the line. Born in 1902, the second son of the late Emperor Taisho was educated at the peer's school and at military academies, entering the army as a private (Lt., 1922; Capt., 1930; Major, 1935). He came over to Magdalen, Oxford, in 1925, and spent two years there which he always recalls with pleasure; during that time he grew to know Miss Setsuko Matsudaira, daughter of the then Japanese Ambassador, and a year after his recall to Japan on the illness of his father (1927), they were married. So both Prince and Princess Chichibu were well suited to represent Japan at the English Coronation. They will be here till June, then make a Continental tour, returning in the autumn to sail for Japan via the States

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Just twenty-four hours after Sir John Squire had written a mellow piece for the M.C.C. Birthday Number of the *Times* on the old Bat and Ball Inn at Hambledon, Hants, where the Early Fathers of English Cricket used to meet between 1750 and 1825, a news-item appeared saying that the brewers who own this holy little pub are about to "improve" it. Instantly yells of rage and anguish and imploration went up from the M.C.C., the National Trust, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, Petersfield Rural District Council, and other representative bodies; for the Bat and Ball is after all more sacred to the English than any shrine in the world, and its taproom more than the Tombs of the Apostles at Rome.

It isn't a particularly attractive building; just an ordinary drab little eighteenth-century village alehouse facing Broadhalfpenny Down, with the original tables used by the Hambledon Club at their glee-singings and punch-drinkings. (They didn't take cricket so seriously as the M.C.C.) We've emptied a tankard or two there ourselves at times. The beer tasted much like any other beer, though to cricket-worshippers it's apparently pure ambrosia. Anyway, wild consternation and anguish swept the faithful, who were expecting a palm-lounge, a cocktail bar, a ballroom, and other modern amenities to replace the sacred taproom of the Fathers; and the Secretary of the M.C.C. at once Communicated With the Brewers in Person, which must have scared 'em silly.

We Breathe Again

The sequel, just as everybody was looking frantically to Sir John Squire to rise and save the Bat and Ball—there wouldn't have been any public apathy this time, as there was over the City churches—was that the brewers hastened to write to the *Times* assuring the world that no act of vandalism had ever been contemplated, that they are fully alive to their awful responsibilities, that they are altering their plans, and that they intend submitting the revised ones to representatives of the M.C.C. beforehand. "We might mention," they added, with not a little unction, "that two of our directors are members of the M.C.C.; one is a local officer of the National Trust, and another a member of the Society of Antiquaries"; so the dingy but immortal cradle of English ethics is safe, one gathers.

This assurance came none too soon. An American clergyman had issued an appeal to the American People only a few days before to adopt cricket, which has made the soul and conscience of the English what they are (his words, God help us), as their national game—if you can call it that. A pretty response to this clarion call the desecration of the Bat and Ball would have been, what?

Right Dress, or Something

Twice within the last few days there have been Press photographs of the Foot Guards on parade. In each case, to the consternation of all, the Guards have been perceived advancing in column of platoon—if we don't misremember our *Infantry Training*, which is highly likely, but we won't look it up—with a line about as straight as that of a wet caterpillar with belly-ache. The first time it happened one of the London evening papers, realising how serious it was, interviewed Guards officers and N.C.O.s at Wellington and Chelsea Barracks. The officers were coldly non-communicative. The N.C.O.s, pretty grim, thought it might be the fault of a new draft, and hinted of terrible sanctions and reprisals in the near future. Some sort of frightfulness seems highly necessary, one of the historic *raisons-d'être* of the Guards being their ability to keep a line as straight as a ruler. Magnificent as they were in the Coronation procession, it would almost appear as if the continuous appearances of the past few days had sapped their vitality.

Until these things are rectified, it seems little use for Sergeant Scutt of the Central Recruiting Office to gather in giants for the Grenadiers like Mr. Tunstill of Slough (6 ft. 7 in.) or Mr. Norris of Dunstable (6 ft. 3 in.). They made an impressive grouping on the way to be sworn in at Scotland Yard, but however tall a Guardsman may be, that doesn't release him from the obligation of keeping a straight line on parade. Having served ourselves in a vulgar wartime Line regiment composed of ordinary raw civilians who found it quite possible to keep a reasonably straight line after about eight weeks' intensive parade-ground training, we feel ourselves to be among those entitled to cock a snook at the flower of Britain's soldiery.

Apropos of whom: pacing softly westward along the Embankment from the Temple towards Westminster on a fine early summer evening, as is our pleasure, we occasionally meet the Bank of England Picquet marching the opposite way. The men get bread, cheese, and beer at the Bank's expense—this guard dates from the Gordon Riots—and the subaltern in charge gets his dinner, with a bottle of Bank claret, reputed excellent. Since the recent rebuilding, we gather from H. V. Morton's new guide to London, the subaltern has been provided with a tasty suite, sitting-room, bedroom, and

Telephone Talks: No. 12

"Well, Sergeant, I simply must get my nails done"

"Of course she remembers you—an elephant never forgets"

bathroom, to mitigate the rigour of the night watches. What we 're mildly curious about is whether his guest—regulations permit him just one—still has to be off the Bank premises by 11 p.m.

Good-Brown-Earth Dept.

REVOLTING mildly against the increasing tyranny of the machine, the stewards of this year's Bath and West Agricultural Show thought up a scything competition, probably expecting half a dozen ancient rurals, each looking like Father Time himself, to totter along with rusty scythes and give a few feeble exhibition strokes recalling the Golden Age. To the surprise of all who imagined vaguely that scything had gone the way of flint-knapping and rushlight-making and the Harvest Supper, hundreds of entries poured in from huge fierce red-faced able-bodied agriculturists in Wiltshire and Devon. Only nine could be accepted. What an eye-opener !

The secret of the scythe, one of the oldest, most difficult, most manly, most æsthetically satisfying of the rural arts—there is no more perfect rhythmic spectacle than that of half a dozen skilled sunburned mowers advancing up a long meadow, each with the same graceful, apparently effortless sweep, as if dictated by a metronome—is not yet lost, it seems. There is a ravishing essay on it by Mr. Belloc in *Hills and the Sea*, and a practical one, moreover, Mr. Belloc having mown his own fields before writing. Whether Gaffer Henry Williamson twirls a manly scythe or not we don't know, and we 've never liked to ask. One never knows the Achilles' heel of the professional Nature boy. Some can talk fluently about dibbling and guddling and fubbling and trituration of the subsoil, but fall down badly on the simplest birds. Others know all about the exquisite spangle effect of dew on early wurzels, but don't know oats from barley. The Gaffer may know it all, and we don't say he doesn't, but we fear his sneers too much to ask him about his mowing. He'd simply sneer at our white hands.

Cuckoo, Huh ?

UNSWERVING Debussy fans ourselves, we observed with vague puzzlement the curious reaction of some of the critics to *Pelléas et Mélisande* on its revival at Covent Garden the other night. The boys seemed to be slightly irritated because Maeterlinck's characters behave so oddly, and with so little sturdy British common sense. Somebody ought to have reminded them that the whole piece being one of the Master's most successful pipe-dreams, everybody is mystic, high-minded, wistful, muzzy, and enwrapped in diaphanous opalescent mists to the *n*th degree and a great deal of the dialogue is necessarily spoken through invisible fairy hats. Hence instead of guffawing when the pale, remote Mélisande, after being dragged up and down by the hair, sings " *Je ne suis pas heureuse !* ", one should recollect that the girl is merely expressing herself in the true Maeterlinckian manner. If she sang instead, like a sensible ordinary girl, " *Oh ! Pour l'amour du Ciel ne faites pas ça ! Ça me fait mal ! Oh ! Ow !* " the whole distant magic would vanish.

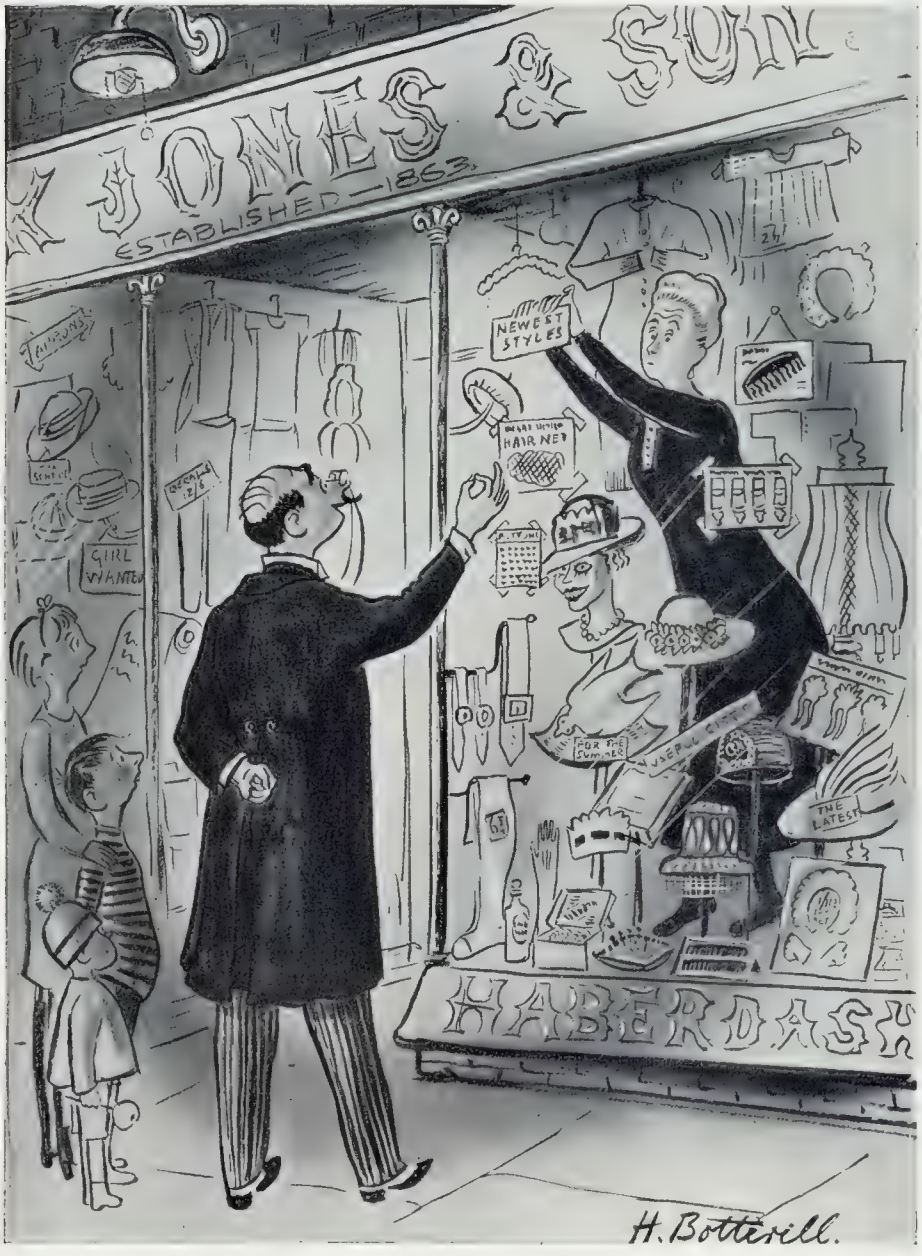
As if one went to *Pelléas* to listen to the words or to study character, while that lovely shimmering fabric of Debussy's is unfolding itself like a continuous enchantment ! (One of the critics thought the score nearly as dull as Glück, but perhaps that was just bravado.) Anyway, are the *Pelléas* characters any more cock-eyed than those great howling Nordic bores who fill the *Ring* ? The difference between them, which is important, is that in *Pelléas* they *know* they 're cock-eyed, being in a play by Maeterlinck, whereas the Wagner heroes seriously think they 're gigantic portents and wonders, the answer to all questions and the elephant's pants. Say what you like, anybody sensible must prefer a nut who knows it.

Potentate

WHILE the *Evening News* and the *Evening Standard* announced the recent death of the exiled Maharaja of Alwar, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., in Paris with brief but reasonably frank references to extravagance and eccentricity, the *Star* went the whole hog and produced a real Arabian Nights story ; and by an Arabian Nights story we don't mean the nursery version of Galland, but the literal version of Mardrus. The Maharaja might have stepped out of any one of Scheherazade's anecdotes, with his mad extravagant whims, his cruelty, his jewelled magnificence, his terror of astrologers, his habit of deriving fun from nervous Secretaries of State — *e.g.*, Edwin Montagu — by mounting them on vicious and intractible elephants for a tiger-shoot, burning servants jovially on the cheek with a cigar-end to wake them up, engaging European experts at high salaries and persecuting them with every kind of ingenious trick till they resigned, forcing his stouter ministers to starve themselves slim, and indulging in a thousand other perverse, engaging Oriental playfulnesses, including that of ignoring hotel bills. The Maharaja was what is politely called a Personality, and it will take the Government of India's administrators about a generation to pull the State of Alwar to its feet again.

The thing to remember is that there are people exactly like him living in Surbiton and Leeds and South Kensington and Peebles and Swansea and Belfast and Truro and Ottery St. Mary, but they 've never had a decent chance.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



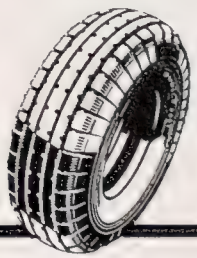
" Just a teeny weeny bit to your left, Miss Spencer "

FAMOUS FORTS

CARNARVON CASTLE

The masterpiece of the greatest builder of British fortresses—in its day impregnable and still a monument of massive masonry defiant of the wear of time.

Fortified by DUNLOP Tyres, the modern motorist enjoys the most dependable protection against the hazards of the road. Stout of wall and tough of tread, DUNLOP defies wear and tear and time, as well as ever mediaeval fortress did. Your best safeguard from skid and your best guarantee of long, economical service is to fit

The New **DUNLOP**  Fort

C.F.H.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

JUNE 1ST Up early, and privily tried my new velvet hat and racing suit, which do become me excellently well. After breakfast, with my wife to the Races by hired motor-carriage, this costing me a tidy sum. And when we were arrived, my wife began so roundly to condemn those fashions which displeased her, that I asked if we were come to see horses or ladies' frippery. What with this, and the ill-chance that my first three horses turned out sorry, knock-kneed, short-winded laggards and loiterers, our day had been spoilt had I not bethought myself of refreshments. And after she had drunk a Gin and Tonic Water and I a Whisky with Ginger Ale—both Tonic Water and Ginger Ale being, thank heaven, of Schweppes—she regained a more level temper. Which I attribute to the cool solace and bright-bubbling liveliness of these refreshing drinks. And Lord! what a mercy to find Schweppes, and not some flat table water as dull and brackish as a mud-pond!

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Howard Coster, London

Colonel Beck of Poland

The man who once defied Hitler to "come and take" the Polish Corridor, who concluded later a non-aggression pact with the Führer as a retort to the Franco-Soviet pact, whose political methods have earned him the nickname of "bec et ongles," Colonel Józef Beck, is of distant German extraction. But the family has long been settled in Poland. Beck was born in 1894, the son of an Under-Secretary in the Ministry of the Interior. At the age of twenty he enlisted in one of Pilsudski's "legions" (artillery) and was noted by the Marshal so that after War, having served for a short time as military attaché in Paris, he returned to become the right-hand man among the dictator's colonels. In 1930 he was made deputy-premier, and in 1932 took his present portfolio for Foreign Affairs. In this sphere he shares with Smigly-Rydz's army-domination the mantle of Pilsudski. He is a keen sportsman, golfs, rides, sails, runs a motor-boat; headed the Polish Coronation delegation but hurried back immediately after the Spithead Review to meet the Roumanian Crown Prince in Warsaw. This picture was specially taken for the *Bystander* during that visit

Pleasures of a

Swing High, Dive Deep

Swing High . . .

Photographs by Doctor B. Krohn, Paris

. . . Swing Low and Upside Down

It's

Summer Mermaid . . .

and Lie Long

Her Idea of Heaven

Danish Journey for Hamlet and Ophelia

Events for the Famous

Foreign Travel, Brief Leisure, Family Life

Sunday Off for Toscanini

A fine warm day and the sweet Thames running softly past the river front at Phyllis Court at Henley was Toscanini's Sunday after the first two of his concerts at the Queen's Hall. This amazing man—seventy years old and with a vitality and power in his conducting that are overwhelming—is giving London such music as none who hear it will ever forget

A Son for Bertrand Russell

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh left with the rest of the Old Vic Company ten days ago for their visit to Denmark. They are playing "Hamlet" in the Courtyard of Kronborg at Elsinore for six performances, as part of the King of Denmark's Silver Jubilee celebrations. This is the first time an English company has ever played "Hamlet" in Denmark

Earl and Countess Russell's baby son was born a few weeks ago and made his first public appearance as the son of a distinguished father when this snapshot was taken at Telegraph House, the Russells' home near Petersfield, Hampshire. His mother is Bertrand Russell's third wife, and was Patricia Helen Spence before her marriage last year. She was Bertrand Russell's secretary. He has one son and two daughters by his second wife

Portrait of Kay Stammers

Twenty-three-year-old Kay Stammers is playing her seventh season of big Tennis this year; it was in 1931 that she emerged as a promising young player when she was winner and runner-up of various junior events. Two years later she was ranked ninth in the world's "First Ten," and in 1935 she was moved up to third place. She has twice beaten Helen Jacobs, in the Wightman Cup in 1935 and 1936. This year she was successful in the Queen's Covered Court Championship, but since then has been ill and is only just getting fit again. She is one of the most decorative of tennis players, slim and graceful, plays left-handed, and has a grand deep drive both forehand and backhand

Ascot—an Impression of the

Paddock: from the Painting by Paul Mazë

No. 7074. Chair. No. 137. Table. No. 7365. Chair. No. 7349. Chair. No. 7046. Chair. No. 138. Tea Wagon. No. 7050. Chair. No. Lr. Lamp. No. 7136. Table.

What could be lovelier for summer days . . .

. . . with strength and comfort to match?

AS this natural colour photograph shows, we no longer live in the age when luxury meant mahogany and cost money, in the days of the old basket chairs which gave nothing but creaking discomfort. How many Victorians could have foreseen all their children furnish homes (and gardens!), palatial Clubs and country Cottages, with this lovely Lloyd Loom which is not only strong, silent and restful, but so lasting that after years of good service some of us begin to wonder whether Lloyd Loom ever will show signs of the wear we give it. Prices from 3/9, Chairs from 24/-.

a 'Lusty' product of

W. LUSTY & SONS LTD.

Norfolk Works,
Bromley-by-Bow, London, E.3

LOOK FOR THIS TAG

Lloyd Loom

REG^D TRADE MARK

WOVEN FIBRE FURNITURE

SEND FOR FREE ART CATALOGUE

Over 90 beautifully illustrated pages, many in colour.

Baron

"Tobacco Road"

The extraordinary play about a family of "poor whites" in Georgia which has run in America for four years was put on at the Gate Theatre a week or two ago. The author, Jack Kirkland, must have set a low record for the type of character that can be taken as dramatic material: here is dirt, semi-starvation, apathetic despair, crazy vice, and a depth of degeneracy where even the power of speech is half lost. Yet the play is finely acted (talent put to such a use has deeply offended some of the critics, one of whom suggested that "a good rousing performance of *Charley's Aunt*" would have given the cast better employment). Seven of the nine characters appear in this photograph—Walter Holbrooke as Lov Bensey, Hedley Briggs as Jeeter Lester, father of the family, Pollie Emery as Grandma, Rosalind Atkinson as Ma Lester, Shirley Wakefield and Kay Lewis as the two daughters, and Nigel Stock as the son, Dude Lester

"Les Sylphides"

Studies of the Blum Company in the Most Famous of All Ballets

The potential balletomane must see *Sylphides* before he sees anything else, for it is everything he expects ballet to be: a gentle dream of beauty; music, movement and atmosphere blended into an ethereal harmony. To his experienced brother who has seen it uncountable times, it is still ballet's most irresistible enchantment—if the performance is good enough to charm him from criticism. When the Ballets de Monte Carlo dance *Sylphides* they dance as its creator commands, since Fokine who composed it is the company's maître de ballet, and the perfection of the corps de ballet's work, and in particular the smooth, rounded fluidity of their arm movements makes this company's performance a special pleasure. The Ballets de Monte Carlo, whom René Blum directs, started their season at the Coliseum last week

Photographs by Merlyn Severn

In "Sylphides" Every Member of the Corps de Ballet is a Soloist

Catherine Bell

Miss Sheila Martin from Wagga Wagga

This young and charming ambassadress of Australian girlhood, the daughter of a leading physician in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, was sent to England by "Smith's Weekly" in collaboration with committees from each state of the Commonwealth. Over here she has received, not unnaturally, a generous share of publicity and a full engagement calendar. She was presented at the Second Court, was in the Abbey for the Coronation, has broadcast in "In Town To-night," was given a reception by her High Commissioner. She has also been at most of the big balls and receptions, public and private, in this last dazzling social month. At the moment she is in Paris, where she was received by the Président du Conseil Municipal, gets back for Ascot and sails on the Queen Mary next week, travelling home viâ Canada. She ought to have plenty to tell them

For Summer Evenings by Dolcis

The "Style Conscious" Woman realises that her most expensive ensembles lose prestige if she is not smartly shod—and if she has the pioneering instinct in clothes, she knows to turn to Dolcis for first news of smart shoes. For instance, these, our latest Hollywood Discoveries, are just another Dolcis Fashion Forecast—a prelude to a glamorous summer.

In Pastel shades of Soft Suede, Light Gabardines, Summer Evening Shoes and Cocktail Sandals in the modern accent of white crepe (which can be dyed any colour) . . . and all of them in graduated American fittings A, B and C.

We chose five to tempt you to see more of this brilliant collection direct from Hollywood and New York.

29/6

25/9

29/6

29/6

25/9

DOLCIS

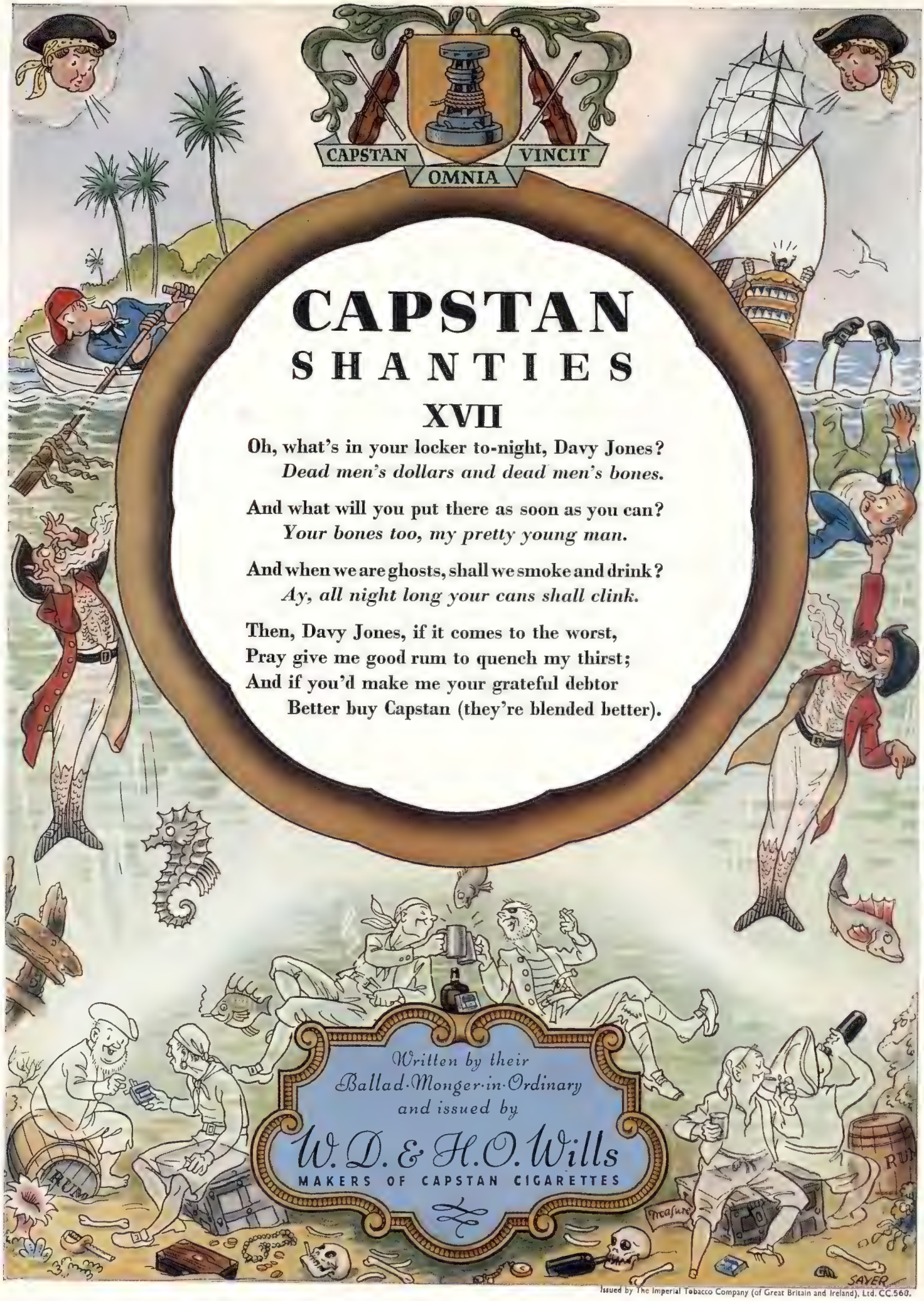
The World's Leading Fashion Shoe Stores

OXFORD STREET (facing Bond Street) Mayfair 5877

BROMPTON ROAD (Knightsbridge) Kensington 6900

There are car-parking facilities adjoining

Write for our Colour Brochure of American and Continental Shoe Fashions



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC.560.

Films of the Day

Portrait of an Actor : By George Campbell

You probably saw *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* at the St. James's, or the film with Norma Shearer. It is sufficient to record of the new M.G.M. version that Frederick Lonsdale's play has been skilfully adapted to the screen by Leon Gordon, Monckton Hoffe, and Samson Raphaelson, whose combined salaries must have put at least £5000 on the cost. It is well acted by Robert Montgomery, William Powell, and Frank Morgan, if you can accept them as English, and quite brilliantly, within the limitations of a smallish part, by Nigel Bruce. Mr. Bruce has such boyish zest, such infectious high spirits, that he is one of the few men on the screen who can pursue young women as amorously as Harpo Marx and get away with it.

Joan Crawford is hardly so satisfactory. She still cultivates a splay-lip make-up, and she is still apt to look slightly pop-eyed under the combined influence of emotion and mascara. " 'Tis not in mortals to command success. . . ." Miss Crawford certainly has deserved it. Nobody ever worked harder. The obscure Billie Cassin, of San Antonio, Texas, servant in a convent school, taxi dancer, chorus girl (as " Lucille la Sueur "), bit player in films, supporting player, star—here is the classic example of a girl, in the American idiom, pulling herself up by her own bootstraps. Laboriously she has learned elocution (don't imagine for a moment they talk her present brand of English in San Antonio), deportment, French, singing, acting, dressing, all the multifarious things required to make a film star.

The one thing she has never learned is to take life easily. Her life has been a battle against poverty, obscurity, the world's cruelty and indifference. She gives the impression always that she is still fighting. Where she should be carelessly self-assured, she is elaborately nonchalant. Where her manner should radiate a dignity instinctive and taken for granted, like Garbo's, she is apt to look self-consciously haughty. Thanks to these things, she is not quite as convincing in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* as she might be ; and I await her Kitty O'Shea with some misgivings. As for Clark Gable's Parnell. . . . But there is a legal maxim which also governs criticism. Judgment before Execution.

Nor is Robert Montgomery quite right, either. His accent is highly agreeable, unlike that of some Easterners who keep assuring you that they are constantly being mistaken for English ; but it is no disparagement to Mr. Montgomery, it may even be a compliment, if I suggest that that cherubic twinkle, that razor tongue, that blend of campus hero and Broadway playboy, might have seemed a little odd in the Abbey beneath a coronet.

A strange fellow, Bob Montgomery. One of the lightest of light comedians, he made his first big hit on the screen as the weakling in *The Big House* ; and just as this goes to press, he is said to have revealed first-rate dramatic ability in Emlyn Williams's part as the murderer in *Night Must Fall*. For all his air of irresponsibility and wisecracking, he is President of the Screen Actors' Guild, and he has had the courage to go up against Hollywood's Big Bosses with some of the most vigorous fighting speeches ever heard in a State where trades unionism is regarded as only one degree less poisonous than Bolshevism. As a star he has nothing to gain. His concern is wholly for the extras and bit players whose bargaining power is not reinforced by the box office argument.

Montgomery came of a well-to-do family in Beacon, N.Y. Their money vanished when he was seventeen, and he had to take a job as a mechanic's helper on the railways. An actor read his stories, thought he might be able to act, and Montgomery was given a trial in William Faversham's production of *The Mask and the Face*. He was paid £7 a week, and as he played a butler, a valet, a guest and a voice off-stage, he probably earned it. Sam Goldwyn seeing him in *Possession*, engaged him as leading man to Vilma Banky. The director fired him, he moved over to M.G.M. and got a chance in *So this is College*. The rest you know.

In private life Montgomery is brilliant and volatile, interested in anything and everything, from trap-shooting to tennis and candid photography ; but only for a fortnight. He will sit amongst babel and read as if alone. He will order a salad, on the ground that he isn't hungry, and have a steak for dessert. He lights cigarette after cigarette and throws each away after two puffs. He writes short stories, can't make himself up, and never wears suspenders with the result that his socks are always falling down. He is married to Elizabeth Allen, and has two children, is thirty-two years old.

Like many comedians, Montgomery is fundamentally serious ; unlike many comedians, he doesn't rely wholly on the dialogue writer for his wit. Once he was in Paris on the Fourteenth of July. Feeling was running rather high about something, and when Montgomery drove through the streets in an open car, wearing a beret, the crowd hissed and booed and looked like attacking him. With the spirit of Nell Gwyn, on another famous occasion, he pulled out his Screen Actors' Guild card, and waved it at them, shouting : " I 'm a union man, too ! " The reactions could hardly have been more favourable if he had announced membership of the profession, even older than acting, claimed so lightheartedly by poor Nell.

The Star Trio in " The Last of Mrs. Cheyney "

When Frederick Lonsdale's play ran for 514 nights in 1925, it had Gerald du Maurier, Gladys Cooper and Dawson Milward playing general post with affections and epigrams ; then came a film with Norma Shearer, Basil Rathbone and George Barraud ; now comes a re-make with Robert Montgomery, William Powell and Joan Crawford. Excellent actors, all three, but not suitable to the Wilde tradition : epigrams become wisecracks and titles get mixed, as you can see at the Empire. The adaption is Leon Gordon's

"Bystander" Short Story No. 90

Reunion

By Reginald Moore

"My ex-husband's the only man for the part, is he?"

MAX GRAEFEL, head of Graefel Pictures Inc., kept his finger on the bell-push for several minutes before at last exerting pressure. When he had done so, he sank back into his chair with an air of tragic resignation.

His secretary entered.

"Tell Miss Dugan I would like to see her," he murmured. The girl nodded obediently and went out. A few minutes later Lydia Dugan entered.

"What the hell——!" she said.

"Er—please take a seat, Lydia," said Graefel hastily. "I want to have a few words with you about——"

A couple of genuine lovers

"I know—the new production," Lydia cut in. "I'd like a few words with you about it, too. When are we going to start? What's all the delay about? I've had the script for weeks: I'm soaked in it. If something doesn't happen soon, it'll be the epitaph on my tombstone . . ." She paused for breath, also to lift an exquisitely-shaped cigarette from the silver box on the desk. "Don't tell me you're still searching for a leading man," she went on scoffingly. "On Hollywood Boulevard some hundreds of young men parade every day—all divinely handsome, all wonderfully tall and dark, and all ready to sell their souls for even a two-second flash on the screen—and yet you go on saying——"

"But wait, wait!" said Graefel desperately. "We have got one!"

"Oh, you have? Well, that's different. Who is he?"

"Well, you see . . ." Graefel pounced on a cigar and began twirling it in his stubby fingers. "As a matter of fact, he's the only man for the part. He's got a name, too. You won't have to play opposite some jumpy kid who'd ruin all your best scenes. He's—he's a fine actor, this chap——"

"All right—who is he?" she demanded impatiently.

"Well—er—he's on the set now," faltered Graefel. "Suppose you come on down and meet him?"

The actress looked at him a trifle grimly.

"I simply can't wait," she said.

As they went down the corridor to the lift, Lydia asked herself what was in the air. Whenever the Chief was like this, lighting a fresh cigar almost at each breath, something was wrong. And being under contract to Graefel, she felt instinctively distrustful.

They reached the set through a war-wrecked Flanders village and a portion of the old Kremlin. As no production was yet in progress in the studio, the place stood in half-darkness, only a patch of light showing where, near the far wall, some men were scattered about a single camera.

Graefel felt the actress's gaze upon him and almost in one gesture threw away the cigar he was smoking and snatched out another. And as they came near the island of light, the cigar began to dash frantically from one side of his mouth to the other, as if in flight.

Hearing their approach, the men looked up. Barnes, the director, was one of them, the others being mostly technicians. The last to raise his head was a young man with incredibly long legs who was sprawled in a canvas chair frowning over a script. He stiffened, his lazy brown eyes widening in amazement. He seemed speechless.

A very similar expression had appeared on Lydia's face, but she made a quicker recovery.

"So!" she hissed, turning on Graefel. "My ex-husband's the *only* man for the part, is he? What impudence to ask me to play in a picture with him! I never wanted to see him again—and you didn't ask me—you threw him at me! What will my public say? What will——"

"Hi, stop that!" The young man, recovering himself, tumbled out of his seat and loped over to them.

"Why?" said Lydia ominously.

"Because you're making a fool of yourself. You seem to enjoy making a fool of yourself. You've done nothing else since you were born."

"Oh, is that so, Mr. Sandford!"

"Yes. And let me tell you something else. Had I known that you were the star in this picture, I'd have stayed right in New York. Or maybe taken a boat to Russia—that would have been safer."

Barnes and the other men had settled themselves comfortably in chairs and were looking on with blissful enjoyment, but Graefel fidgeted distractedly somewhere within a great cloud of blue-grey smoke. He emerged to say, "Just a moment——" but Lydia brushed him away as if he were a fly.

"Now I'll tell you something!" she said in a strangled voice to Sandford.

"Don't bother. I've heard it all before. On our honeymoon——"

"You beast! It was you who wrecked our honeymoon. You, with your beastly moods!"

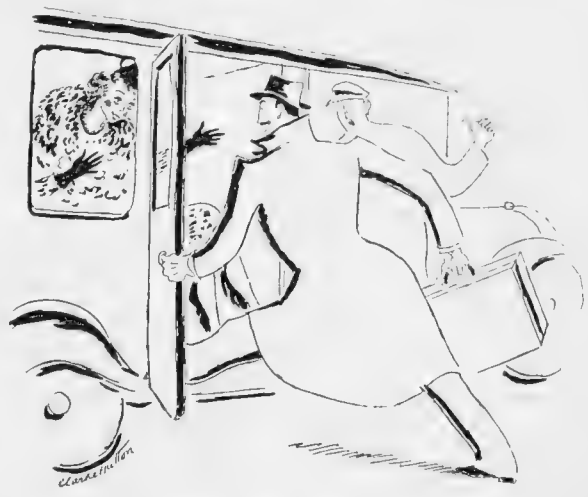
"My moods!" Sandford's light tone was gone in an instant. He looked angry and indignant. "Don't talk nonsense! I never have moods. Anyone'll tell you I never have moods. But if you're just trying to rouse me——"

"I couldn't!" she retorted scornfully. "You're not man enough to be roused! Why, in your last picture you even had a double to jump over that table for you!"

"Why, you——!" Sandford took a wild step forward, but Graefel, emerging again from his smoky retreat, pushed him back.

"Stop it—for heaven's sake, stop it!" he roared. At this Lydia and Sandford quieted, and he fastened them with a severe look. "And now as a little variation," he said grimly, "I'll do the talking. Perhaps you've forgotten—I

(Concluded on page xviii)



"Yelling something about taking a boat to Russia"

L27a.

Scent ? Yes !
Gloves ? Yes !
Hankies ? Yes !
Stockings ? Yes !
thank goodness
that's the lot ! . . .

exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissionaire
calls
your car . . .

how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Roehampton Open Cup

Mr. J. P. Robinson, Adsdean's No. 1, is on the ball; behind are Capt. H. C. Walford, Bhopal's No. 2, Mr. J. Lakin, Adsdean's No. 2, the Nawab of Bhopal (on his Tatters), Bhopal's back, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Bhopal's No. 3, and Capt. H. G. Morrison, Adsdean's No. 3. Out of the picture are Bhopal's No. 1, Raj Kumar Prithi Singh and Adsdean's back, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The match was a first-round tie for the Roehampton Cup in which Bhopal won by 12—7

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

THERE 'S a heat wave as I write—a tiny, gentle, exceedingly pleasant heat-wave, but I daren't say much about it for fear that it will be snowing by the time you read these random words. It has been responsible, though, this sudden glimpse of summer, for various turns of fortune in the sporting world.

The cricketers, for example, have been revelling in it, and spectators in goodly numbers have been rolling up to lounge happily in the sun, thus proving my contention that brighter cricket is not so important as brighter weather to be largely true.

H. W. AUSTIN has been beaten in the French Championships by H. Henkel, the most promising young German player. It is difficult to attribute this unexpected defeat entirely to the heat, though it was mighty hot, they tell me, at Auteuil. Even so, Austin did not appear to be physically distressed. He was just extraordinarily inaccurate, making mistakes where normally he would be scoring certain winners.

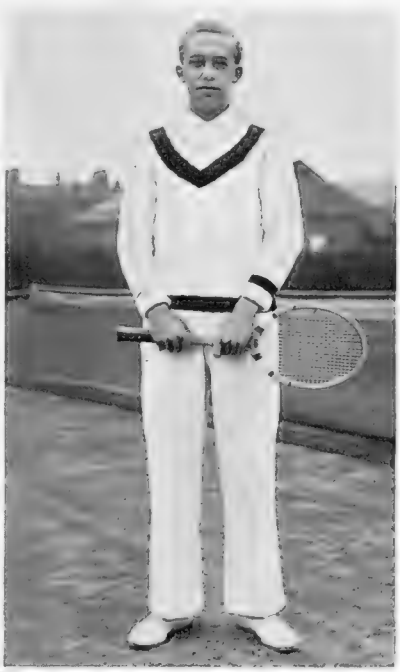
It is true that at any game a man can only play as well as his opponent lets him, but Austin was mistiming his strokes, and that is, to say the least of it, unusual with him. Maybe he was short of practice—hard match practice—but without a doubt he was also up against an opponent who will have to be seriously reckoned with in the future.

Germany, with Baron von Cramm and Henkel, are making strong progress in the lawn tennis world. This Henkel is only twenty-one years old, a sturdy, quiet, confident youngster who won the junior championship of Germany five years ago. His tactics are subtle, his touch sure, his attack varied, and his first service strong, though his second service is gentle. He plays delicate drop shots and compact passing shots, and altogether is well enough equipped to be a potential champion of the not too-distant future.

ANOTHER player who found the heat to her liking was little Señorita Anita Lizana, who must have found the conditions at Chiswick Park, when she beat Miss Alice Marble in the Middlesex finals, pleasantly reminiscent of her own South America.

There are those who regard Señorita

(Concluded on page xvi)



German Champion of France

Henner Henkel beat Austin fairly and squarely in the men's singles, to become lawn tennis champion of France. With Gottfried von Cramm (last year's singles champion) he also won the Men's Doubles

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ashton

Jack Ashton, No. 3 of the Ashton Brothers' team, Goulburn, did most of the scoring in the second semi-final for the Roehampton Polo Cup. The Four Winds, playing two internationals, were their opponents and beat the Australians 9—7, to meet the Jaguars in the final of the event

It takes time to bring gin to the perfection that is

BOOTH'S

THE *Matured* GIN

THE ONLY GIN WITH THE **BLUE SEAL** *OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE*

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED • 83-85 TURNMILL STREET • LONDON E.C

Dorland

The Final of the Amateur Championship

By J. S. F. Morrison

ROBERT SWEENY, JR. (Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews), won the Amateur Championship on the course of the Royal St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich, by defeating Lionel O. M. Munn (Royal St. George's Golf Club) by three holes up and two holes to play, in bright sunshine with hardly a breath of wind. Munn had won a championship before Sweeny's parents had started serious courting.

We can console ourselves for another American victory by the facts that Sweeny has played and learnt most of his golf in England, and that the Championship Cup will, once more, go into residence for one year in the club-house of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, from which club the winner entered.

Sweeny played golf for Oxford against Cambridge in 1932 at St. Anne's, when, I am glad to relate, he did not show a profit for his side. He has a very good record in the Amateur; last year at St. Andrews he beat Jack McLean, and was only beaten by Jim Ferrier at the 21st hole, where his opponent did a three. At St. Anne's in 1935 he reached the semi-final, where he was defeated by the winner, Lawson Little; and in 1934 he did not play a single bad shot in the Amateur at Prestwick, and yet did not win.

MUNN has won the Irish Open Amateur and Irish Native Championships on occasions too numerous to mention, and also most of the prizes to be won at Royal St. George's, Deal and Prince's, Sandwich. He was very unlucky to be beaten in the semi-final of the Amateur at Muirfield in 1932 by John de Forest, the winner, and had revenge this year by beating, also in the semi-final, Count Alaric Bendern, John de Forest's brother.

When the final started, there were many who hoped that Munn, a local hero, would win, but I do not think that there were many who, in their heart of hearts, expected him to stand up to the greater strength and length of his young opponent, twenty-five years his junior. It was obvious that at many holes Munn would have to play the second shots first and that his chief chance of victory was to keep on putting these shots close to the pin and thus make his opponent's seconds more difficult, and if he had managed to do so he might (I only write "might") have worn down his opponent.

Sweeny is tall (in the knife-and-fork department of the BYSTANDER you will probably read that he is also very good-looking), and swings the club through a very wide arc and consequently gets great length with little effort, and looks as if he could go on hitting good shots, one after the other, for ever.

MUNN got a terribly bad start: he was three down after four holes had been played, and at this stage of the match, on the golf played and with equal luck, bar flukes, he might very easily have been one up.

At the first hole Munn sliced into long grass and Sweeny pulled into long grass. Munn was lying so badly that he could only just get out, while Sweeny was lying well, and had no difficulty in playing an iron to the green.

No golfer, whether good or bad, gets any fun or thrill out of playing out of long grass. The long grass at Sandwich was very long, very tough, and very coarse, especially at the beginning of the Championship before it had been trodden down by the feet of spectators. Balls were often found in long grass within a few feet of each other, one lying well and the other so badly that the player had no idea how to hit it or where it was likely to go when hit.

SWEENY holed from six yards for a two to win the third hole, and at the fourth drove into the long grass on the right, just got out in two, was on the green in three, and then holed a long down-hill putt for four to win the hole from Munn, who had committed no grievous error, bar taking three shots to get down from the edge of the green. Munn might so easily, on the run of the play, have halved the first three holes and won the fourth.

Sweeny lost the fifth by driving into the long grass on the right. At the ninth Sweeny drove on to "ground under repair," where his ball was embedded in its own pitch mark, and was allowed to drop his ball the longest "as-near-as-possible" to the spot where it lay, I have ever seen—quite fifteen yards. Fortunately justice was done, as Munn won the hole in three. At the 13th, Munn found his tee shot embedded in its own pitch mark, and as it was not on "ground under repair" had to play the ball where it lay; justice was again done, as Sweeny missed a very short putt for a win.

Sweeny's greater power won him the fourteenth hole in four, where Munn could not get home in two. Sweeny lost the sixteenth by missing from less than three feet and as the seventeenth and

(Concluded on page x)

The Amateur Champion for 1937

Robert Sweeny was acclaimed by everyone as a worthy champion, his little extra length telling in the end against L. O. M. Munn's grand fight in the Sandwich final. He received the cup from Robert Harris, one-time amateur champion, captain of Royal St. George's

The Runner-Up

L. O. M. Munn had the support and the sympathy of most of the spectators at the Sandwich final, not only because he was a local man, but because he held so tenaciously to his twenty-five-years'-younger opponent. In the two rounds he was only once up, at the 24th

A Semi-Finalist

Mr. James Maxton, who had come to watch his fellow Glaswegian, Gordon Peters, saw him put out of the sixth round by Charlie Stowe, artisan golfer from Penn: in the picture he is congratulating Stowe, who went down to Sweeny in the semi-final

Personality Parade at Epsom

Lady Irene Haig, Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Feversham

Left : Lady Irene Haig and Lady Victoria Scott are two of Earl Haig's three sisters ; they did one tour of the paddock with Lady Feversham, who was all in navy blue

Mr. and Lady Irene Crawfurd

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were photographed at Epsom on the first day of the meeting, when the regulars have room to think and the Downs are only dotted with gypsies

Left : Mr. Charles Crawfurd and Lady Irene Crawfurd went to the Derby together. They were married last April. Lady Irene Crawfurd is Lord Camden's elder daughter

Below : another couple who were doing their first Derby together since they got married were Lord Cromer's daughter, Lady Violet Vernon, and her husband, Mr. Mervyn Vernon

Sir Hugh Seely walked round with the Duchess of Buccleuch, who wore a big straw hat with her rust-red printed dress and neat belted coat

Right : Lord Dudley and Lady Long on their way to see the Derby runners parade in the paddock

In the Royal Box There Was a Big Family Party to Watch the Greatest Race of the Year

2·59½: *the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent, Queen Mary, the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and (at the back) Lord Harewood wait for the "off"*

3·6: *there was Le Ksar.*

The Coronation Derby

With a Woman as Winner for the First Time

Mrs. G. B. Miller

Owner of Mid-day Sun and the first woman to own the winner of the Derby at Epsom in 157 years. The King sent for her to the Royal Box after the race

The Begum and the Aga Khan

Walking down to the paddock before the big race and looking full of hope. But Le Grand Duc, after a momentary lead in the straight, was only third

Mrs. Euan Wallace and Mr. Woodward

Mr. William Woodward's horse started equal favourite with Cash Book, carrying lots of American money. It came in fourth just in front of Lord Derby's Snowfall

a pause while one of the French horses, turned round in the line at the starting-gate

3·7½: *a few seconds before a perfect start and that great Derby shout, "They're off!"*

Northumberland and Durham

The Duke of Northumberland and the Countess of Durham walked round the paddock together, Lady Durham wearing black with an attractive wide-brimmed black hat

Leading in the Winner: Mrs. Miller and Her Mid-day Sun

Michael Beary rode his first Derby winner when he and Mid-day Sun came grandly away at the finish to win a finely-ridden race. Mrs. Miller duly admitted that her win gave her the moment of her life

Eleven Out of Thousands

Some More Personality Snapshots at Epsom

Two debutantes who went racing on the first day of the Derby meeting were Lord St. Davids' daughter, the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, and Miss Dawn Gordon

Right : Miss Diana Bethell, Mrs. James Beck's attractive daughter, is with Lord Gillford, the Earl of Clanwilliam's only son

Miss Bethell and Lord Gillford

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy was another debutante at Epsom on the first day

A Derby Day snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Seely who were married a few weeks ago. Mrs. Seely was Isabella Rieben. Nigel Seely's brother, Victor Seely, was married yesterday to Miss Mary Collins

Above are the Hon. W. W. Astor, M.P., and Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas, the attractive deb daughter of Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, whose Royal Mail won the National

Left : Mr. Teddy Lambton is the Hon. George Lambton's race riding son, and Miss Diana Clarke is the daughter of Major Carlos Clarke

Mr. Edward Lambton and Miss Diana Clarke

International and Parliamentary

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THE weather was lovely for the French match at Pulborough: that was a good start. So was the course: perfection is the only suitable word to apply to it. And so was the atmosphere of hospitality and welcome and general good fellowship which West Sussex somehow imparted to the whole proceeding. It is a wonderful club that, and what it owes to Commander Hillyard and Captain Roscow and all its other good friends, passes description.

Usually an International is played rather solemnly and silently. This time there was a regular hum of excitement and pleasure all round, spectators telling each other what lovely girls these were, and what grand golf they were playing, and how delightful it was to see Mme. de la Chaume over here again, and how well Mme. Strauss was playing, and how astonishingly full of promise Mlle. Lally Vagliano's golf was for a sixteen-year-old, and would she win the Girls' Championship this year—all this almost while the shots were being played. But no player looked round and scowled; it was all part of a delicious day in the country, and the quality of the golf suffered not one jot, and Great Britain, after some nasty moments in the foursomes, got home by 6½ to 2½ on the day's play, which was just about what was to be expected. Mme. Vagliano said at the prize giving she would have to bring a younger team next time—this one averaged the hoary age of twenty-one years—but she could never bring a more welcome one.

MLLE. TOLLON, of course, was the beheld of all beholders, and made rather a nervous start in the morning foursomes; but Mme. Lacoste held the side together as well as might be against Mrs. Holm's brilliance at the beginning and Miss Barton's at the end, and Mlle. Tollon holed out trouble for a 2 when all seemed lost. There was a great fighting finish before Miss Wade and Miss Newell scrambled a halved match against Mme. Strauss and Mlle. Kapferer (both of whom are at Turnberry for the Open), and a whale of a putt from Miss Garnham to win with Mrs. Garon 1 up from Mme. Barton and Lally Vagliano.

In the top single, Miss Pam Barton's length and straightness and general power, Mme. Lacoste's exquisite short game and her control, sway notwithstanding, over the shots up to the hole with wood, were all fine. This French player remains one of the most knowledgeable golfers that has ever won our Open Championship, and Miss Barton had real hard work to beat her 2 and 1.

So had Mrs. Holm to get a 3 and 1 win from Mme. Strauss: that match, too, was of a very high standard, Mrs. Holm not even being able to make an impression on her opponent as to length. I still feel that Mme. Strauss was unlucky not to win the Girls' Championship in 1932, instead of only being runner-up. These two were both out in 38, two more than Miss Barton, and Mrs. Holm took the next eight holes in 33.

FRANKLY, I can't tell you much of the other matches, the top of the team was too exciting to be left; Miss Garnham said she had learnt a lot by her defeat 6 and 5 from Mme. Barton, which is the eminently sound way to take a beating. Miss Elsie Corlett that Lally Vagliano consistently outdrove her by thirty yards, and that she only won by settling down to what she called a nice old lady's game of the pitch and one putt variety; Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery had nothing to say about how she beat Mlle. Tollon, nor Miss Wade of how she lost 3 and 2 to Mlle. Kapferer; but the latter is a very fine long player, full of promise, and apparently Miss Wade's putting was not quite up to her usual terrific standard.

What was more than up to all standards was the evening at the West Sussex Club, even the sunset doing its best. A quite delightful dinner, in a clubhouse which is made for entertaining and looking lovely, and a great dance and cabaret show—and nightingales for the drive home afterwards. I have an idea a great many more people will want to play events at West Sussex in future.

THE Parliamentary L.G.A. has become a real live golfing wire. I am not thinking only of the open competition which two of its members, Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Idina Mills, are getting up at Moor Park on June 29th in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, but of the good golf which you may see nowadays in all their competitions.

At Addington, the tournament under handicap ended, as it did in 1931 at Sandwich, in a win for Mrs. Sydney Hankey, who beat Mrs. Arthur Bull 2 and 1.

The ladies of the Lords and the ladies of the Commons met in their annual battle over the old course at Walton Heath, and the Commons, as they frequently do, won. Everything depended on the last match to come in, Lady Astor v. Miss Rosemary Stanley, which ended on the last green. Lady Astor is an amazingly sound performer from within about sixty yards of the hole, and that was where she (representing the Commons, for which she qualifies in her own right as an M.P.) won her match. She says she loves risks, but hates excitement; her match seemed to contradict the statement, but she won it, and that was all that really mattered.

AND now for the open road—Great North, A.1—and all that is good on a fine June morning, and Turnberry to-morrow.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The French Team at Pulborough

Left to right, back row first: Mlle. Lally Vagliano, Mme. A. Strauss, Mlle. Francine Tollon, Mlle. Yvonne Kapferer, Mme. J. Barton, Mme. A. Vagliano (captain) and Mme. R. Lacoste

The British Team that Beat Them

Left to right, back row first: Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss P. R. Montgomery, Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Phyllis Wade, Mrs. Garon, Miss Bridget Newell, Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. E. Wallace (non-playing captain) and Mrs. Holm

A Brooklands' impression of John Cobb coming off the banking at speed

Road Racing in England

By Alan C. Hess

With the recent introduction into southern England of motor-race meetings over new road-racing circuits at the Crystal Palace and Brooklands, the moment is, perhaps, opportune to compare these courses with each other, and with Donington, their Midlands' prototype.

In making this comparison, the first thing which strikes one is the coincidence that both in their record laps and in the average speeds at which races are won, there is exactly 10 m.p.h. difference in each of these three circuits.

Brooklands is the fastest with its 70-odd m.p.h. lap speed, Donington next, with 60-odd m.p.h. and Crystal Palace the slowest with 50-odd m.p.h.

Just what this means to the proprietors of these circuits is of interest, since upon their prosperity rests our chance of a continuance of road-racing within our shores.

That speeds are completely governed by the individual nature of the circuit is proved by the fact that in many instances the same cars have competed on all three courses, their relative speeds differing by the uniform 10 m.p.h. discrepancy.

At Brooklands, the comparatively high speeds are made possible by using the long stretch of the Outer Circuit from the Members' Hill turn to that point down the Railway Straight where the cars turn sharp left into the snaky "Sahara" section.

Again, the abundant width of this circuit facilitates passing, and so makes a long distance race there a far less exhausting experience for a driver than a race of similar length on either of the other courses.

At Donington, of course, each car is invisible from any one view-point for nine-tenths of a race, but this it must be remembered, is a "natural" circuit, as opposed to one specially designed and constructed, and even with this apparent disadvantage, I still am inclined to believe that it provides truer road racing than its South Country rivals.

Certainly it is less hard on the cars than either Brooklands or the Crystal Palace, for at the former the higher speeds and the bump immediately before Dunlop's Delight turn take their toll, while at the latter, the constant braking and gear-changing prove mechanically disastrous.

To my mind, the one great disadvantage at Donington is the fact that the pits are situated on a gradient, and that if a car has to make a push-start from the pits, it has to be pushed *uphill*.

Nevertheless, the Donington Circuit abounds with natural favours, and when the additional stretch has been added to accommodate the Tourist Trophy Race, I think it may well prove to be the pick of the bunch.

As for the Crystal Palace circuit, its paramount advantage, of course, lies in its location.

Any road-racing circuit so readily accessible to the teeming hordes of Londoners must get its "gate," but whether the "gates" grow through return visits or dwindle through diminishing crowds of newcomers, depends upon the fare provided.

As I see it, the Crystal Palace circuit will have to be altered.

At present it is essentially a "busy" circuit—for cars and motor-cycles alike. From the competitors' point of view, it is so "busy" that it is too much of a "smasher" to appeal; while from the spectators' point of view, it is so "busy" that passing is minimised, with the result that the racing becomes too processional. Both these faults can be eliminated by the provision of longer straights and better facilities for passing.

To sum up: Brooklands' Campbell Circuit as it stands is the fastest, and for that reason the most important and spectacular of the three courses.

I believe that the Continental Grand Prix cars might be tempted over to race on this circuit in time—but not at once. And why do you suppose it will take time?

To Germans, Italians and Frenchmen, motor racing is a serious, national affair. They participate in it in order to enhance national prestige, and their teams are subsidised by their respective Governments, who close the national highways in order that racing may take place over them.

Their cars conform with an International formula, and every Karl, Toni and Pierre is familiar with the niceties of the great sport of his country.

In this country, however, every obstacle is put in the way of those firms and individuals who wish to uphold British prestige in a similar manner.

Not only does the law of the land prohibit racing on English roads, but in order to compete at Brooklands those foreign cars would even have to be fitted with cumbersome attachments *because twelve years ago a handful of Weybridge residents objected to the noise of the cars using Brooklands and brought an action against the proprietors, as a result of which every car competing there has to be fitted with a special form of silencer—a device which, as I can testify from personal experience, makes many cars actually noisier than they were originally!*

The bother of fitting these silencers is, in itself, enough to keep some of the would-be foreign competitors away, but the real stumbling-block is that those nations who take racing seriously at present just cannot reconcile our assurances that we also take racing seriously with our demand that they shall muffle and encumber their cars before they may race on our principal track.

And it will certainly take some time to overcome this pardonable incredulity on the part of the Continental aces.

Donington, I believe, is really the best proposition of all. When it is given longer and slightly wider straights it will be well-nigh perfect—always provided the pits are shifted. . . .

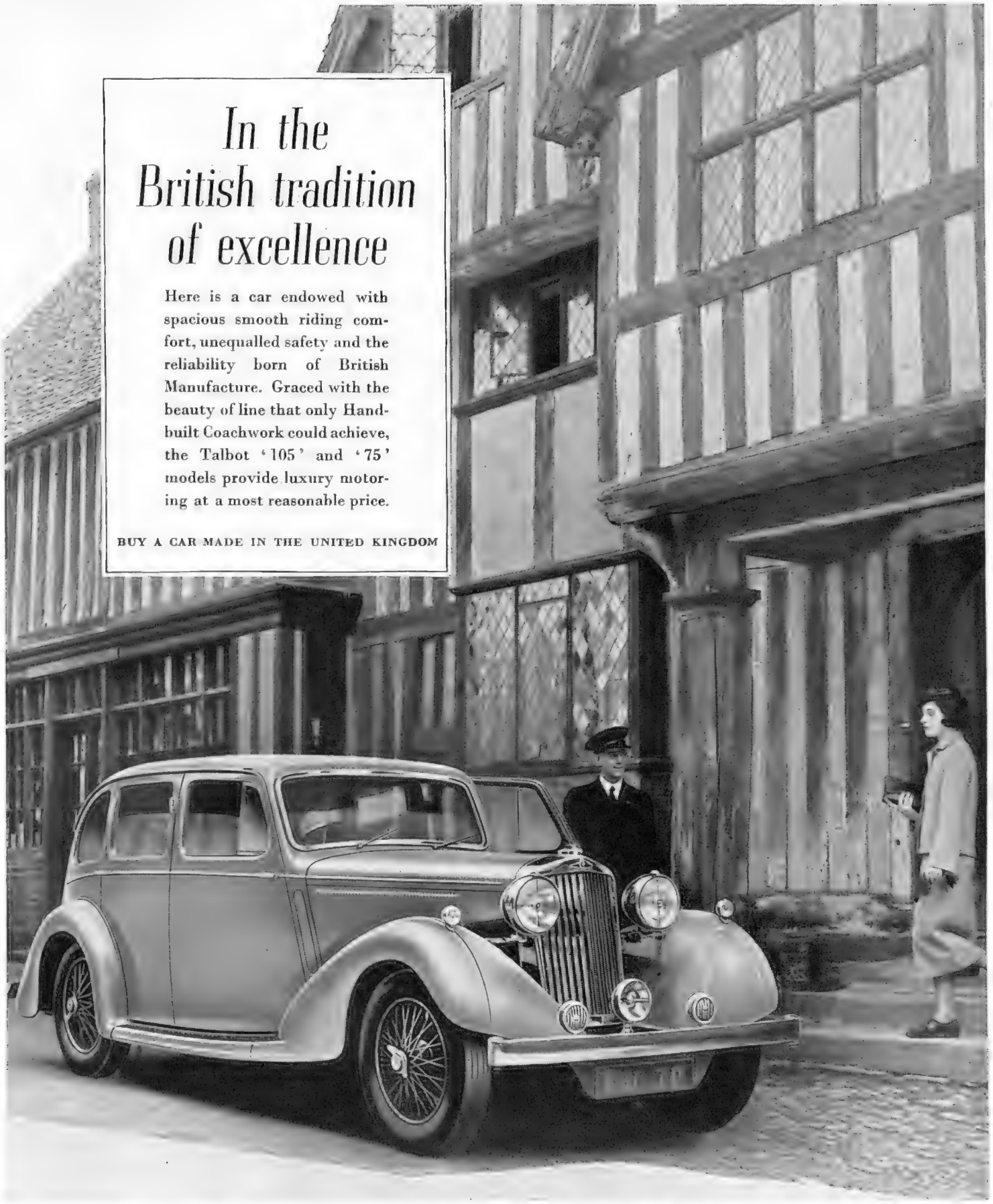
The Crystal Palace has wonderful possibilities, it is splendidly situated, easy to get to, in beautiful grounds—grounds which already afford spectators with many good view-points, and which are capable of even further development in this respect.

With longer, cornerless stretches, speeds would increase, and mechanical stresses would decrease in obverse ratio.

These things, I believe, must and will come to pass at the Crystal Palace.

Finally, a new road-racing course of which great things are expected is about to be constructed in the vicinity of Preston; but personally I should not be in the least surprised to see, in the near future, a new course to eclipse them all. A much longer course, wide, with considerable gradients, long straights and electrically operated scoreboards. And "where?" did you ask?

At Scarborough.



In the British tradition of excellence

Here is a car endowed with spacious smooth riding comfort, unequalled safety and the reliability born of British Manufacture. Graced with the beauty of line that only Hand-built Coachwork could achieve, the Talbot '105' and '75' models provide luxury motoring at a most reasonable price.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ALSO THE TALBOT '75'

(ANNUAL TAX IN GT. BRITAIN £13.10.0d.)

SALOON £425

SPORTS SALOON £435

May we send you illustrated brochure?

CLEMENT TALBOT LTD., LONDON, W.10.

TALBOT '105'

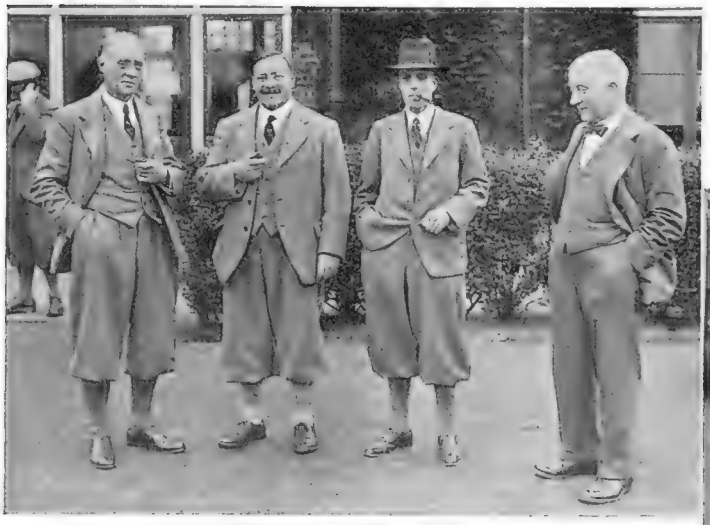
(ANNUAL TAX IN GT. BRITAIN £15.15.0d.)

SALOON ... £495

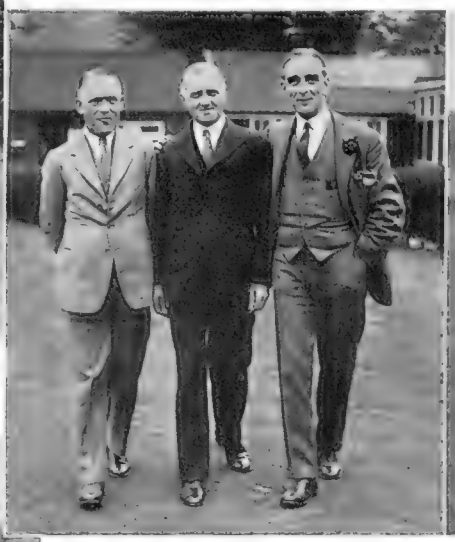
Joint London Distributors: Pass and Joyce Ltd., 47, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street, W.1.
World Exporters: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

Golf Clubs at Home: Wanstead

The Wanstead Golf Club was founded in 1893 as a nine-hole course. Four holes were added in 1902, four more some years later, and in 1922 the whole eighteen were re-designed to produce one of the most interesting and charming rounds in Essex. The golf course is surrounded by trees and the old park turf lies on gravel; these natural advantages, as well as the possession of a lake, have been utilised to the fullest. The club-house, once the stables of Wanstead House, is remarkably spacious and convenient



W. J. Eales (hon. treasurer), Owen Percy (captain), A. H. Southam (ex-captain) and F. Thomas (secretary)



W. T. Green, E. C. Murrant (ex-captain) and F. W. Rattenbury

Albert Hutton

Thomas Reade (first captain) and R. P. Ellis

H. H. Price

H. F. Higgins

D. G. C. Ensum

J. Clatworthy and J. Derby

W. Stewart

Andrew McClure

Allan Dailey (professional)

This England . . .

Eldersfield, Gloucestershire

IN what lies the fascination of a farmhouse—is it the cosy grouping of byre and barn, or the sudden sense of home in the midst of the wild? Or is it, at the last, that here is a little centre of creation, a headquarters, as it were, of that rhythm by which we all live and have our being? For here is the homestead of one who brings from the earth, each in its season, root and grain, black-stockinged lamb and stiff-kneed calf, with all that they imply. No matter; it is deeply satisfying, as are all good things that spring from right handling of the soil—and the rich-malted barley and fragrant hops in your Worthington are not the least of these.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Olla Podrida: By Alan Thomas

ANDRÉ GIDE'S *Back from the U.S.S.R.* (Secker; 2s. 6d.), admirably translated by Dorothy Bussy, is an important book. Everyone claiming to be interested in contemporary affairs should make a point of reading it. M. Gide was one of the Soviet régime's most hopeful admirers. He is now its critic. Already, he says, bourgeois instincts are being flattered and encouraged. "With the restoration of the family (in its function of 'social cell'), of inheritance and of legacies, the love of lucre and of private ownership are beginning to dominate the need for comradeship, for free sharing, and for life in common. . . . We see the reappearance, not of classes, no doubt, but of social strata, of a kind of aristocracy . . . the aristocracy of respectability, of conformity, which in the next generation will become that of money." And again: "I doubt whether in any other country in the world, even Hitler's Germany, thought be less free, more bowed down, more fearful (terrorised), more vassalised." The Russians were promised a proletarian dictatorship: instead, they live under the dictatorship of Stalin.

Enemies of the U.S.S.R. will be delighted with this wholesale exposure: but they must remember that the point of view from which it is written is, as Mr. Bernard Shaw explains in a note on the wrapper, very much to the left of the Left. M. Gide's point is not that Communism has failed, but that the system as applied in the U.S.S.R. is proving a disappointment. But he would not have published his book were he not still convinced that the Soviet Union will end by triumphing over its errors, and that the errors of one country cannot compromise a cause that is international and universal. "Truth," as he reminds us, "however painful, only wounds in order to cure."

MR. H. J. MASSINGHAM'S books of essays, entitled, *Genius of England* (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), is "an implicit protest against the growth of uniformity both in human relations and the material scene"—a protest in which most of us will be ready to join, except, of course, the people whose idea of heaven is what Mr. Massingham calls "the final horror of Mr. H. G. Wells's World State." From a political point of view the protest will be of the same order of effectiveness as King Canute's reputed instructions to the breakers: the Wellsians or their descendants are far more likely to realise their nightmare, if for no other reason than that the horrid facts of life are on their side. For all that Mr. Massingham may say that the provincial spirit in full measure and running over is "very much healthier, saner and more fruitful of all good things than the modern spirit, with its itch for shrinking the *orbis terrarum* from a mighty globe to a miserable marble," nevertheless with the growth of communications the world *is* shrinking, and we must make the best of it. But these essays are not political, nor should they be judged as such. They are studies in the *genius loci*—and very lovely studies, too—evoking and interpreting the spirit of the English countryside from Dorset to Lincoln with a quiet individuality and feeling that can hardly fail to charm the reader.

The last essay in the book is in the nature of a centenary tribute to Samuel Butler—an estimate of the influence that New Zealand had upon his life and work.

WHENEVER Mr. William Roughead, with his troup of criminals, chooses to appear on the literary stage he can be sure of an ovation; for the stalls no less than the gallery enjoy a good murder. Mr. Roughead as a historian of homicide succeeds admirably in combining accuracy with readability. In his latest collection, entitled *Mainly Murder* (Cassell; 10s. 6d.), he discusses the fate of nine malefactors. Some of them are old stagers—the "profligate and debauched" Philip Stanfield, for example, convicted in the seventeenth century of murdering his father; or Katherine Nairn, who, in the eighteenth century, being apprehended for the murder of her husband, broke Edinburgh Jail and escaped to France. The recent Perth murder, Death in Cuddies Strip, Mr. Roughead retails as it were first-hand, since he heard the case himself. In an amusing preface he commends these malefactors "believing that they will serve as a timely warning to such of my readers as might otherwise be tempted to provide material for my insatiable pen"—a moral sanction which surely absolves the hesitating reader from any sense of guilt.

"Got the 'Life of Houdini' in the prison library?"

VERY wholesome and palatable are the literary dishes which Miss E. M. Delafield serves up. Her latest, a novel entitled *Nothing is Safe* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), tells of a girl and boy—ten and twelve years old respectively—whose parents have been divorced and have each of them married somebody else. Instead of being brought up in the kindly atmosphere of home, the unfortunate children are bandied about from pillar to post—now with the Bohemian, cocktail-drinking set that Daddy has married into, now with the bullet-headed, bullying Captain that is Mummy's fancy, now with disapproving grandparents. Even their contacts with other children are frowned upon, because those other children have—according to their parents—been "properly brought up," and it doesn't do for them to mix with youngsters who talk glibly of adultery. No wonder the ground is continually slipping from under them and nothing is safe. This is a delightfully-told story and one that all parents who are thinking of getting divorced should be compelled by law to read.

"OF course," said a member of the great reading public to me the other day—we were discussing the art of novel-writing—"there 's nothing dramatic in ordinary life." In place of the devastating reply she deserved, I handed her a copy of Mr. George Buchanan's

(*Concluded on page* xii)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

There is dignity and an air of luxury about this lovely dress from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The material is white and silver lamé, embossed with a floral design, and cut on very simple lines, a characteristic feature of this year's fashions. Softly draped at the neck and moulded over the hips, the dress follows the curve of the figure, gradually spreading into a short train effect. The loose-fitting coat, trimmed with silver fox, is very becoming and may be discarded when dancing. Many lovely frocks, both day and evening, are to be seen in these salons. Floral prints and plain pastel shades in organza and mousseline are being shown for Ascot, also a certain amount of white with coloured appliqué work, including black lace motifs and sprays of mimosa. One particularly charming evening frock, for a young person, consists of a pale leaf-green redingote in net embroidered with gold sequin flowers over a simple satin slip

This unusual hat would look charming with a semi-tailored ensemble at Ascot on the first or second day, when severer lines prevail. It is made in white shantung baku, and may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. The shallow crown is indented all round, while the flat sailor brim is trimmed across the front with a vivid splash of royal blue chiffon, closely shirred

Flowing skirts and cartwheel hats all add to the glamour of Gold Cup Day, which promises to be exceptionally brilliant this year. A subtle shade of ivory chiffon with a faint touch of pink about it makes this graceful frock from the younger set department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is cut with a full skirt, sewn with exotic black flowers, which appear again over the shoulders and puff sleeves

A picture hat for a picture frock in dark brown coarse American straw. The wide brim dipping from back to front is lined with a narrow border of mixed pansies, shading from yellow to dark purple, while the crown is softened by a large velvet bow in two contrasting colours. This becoming hat is one of many beautiful models which Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are showing

Firm Favourites For Ascot

Many of the lovely flowers which were seen at the Chelsea Flower Show are now blooming on summer straws. Arranged in various ways, they may fill the open crown of a hat or form a halo effect across the front of a close-fitting bonnet. A bunch of mixed red roses is an effective trimming on the hat on the left from Swan and Edgar. It is made in burnt straw with a scalloped brim and ribbon bandeau sewn with roses across the back

Prints are everywhere this season, and will certainly be seen at Ascot. In the case of suits, however, the skirt is very often plain and the coat brightly patterned in a Paisley or floral design. An original dress, suitable for numerous occasions, is seen below from Jay's, Regent Street. The department is No. 19 on the second floor, and nothing costs over 8½ guineas. "Creponette" strewn with Egyptian figures in a medley of bright colours is the material used, while the dress is cut on very simple lines

Like a baby's bonnet, this halo hat frames the face and accentuates the beauty of small, regular features. The straw is white paper panama, worked to suggest a triple brim, and lined with dark blue petersham. It comes from Woollands', and is softened by a long flowing veil

Summer Cruising—

And What To Wear

Holidays are drawing near, and everyone is busy planning where to go and what to do. The question of what to wear is also of importance, as it is essential to "travel light," particularly when going abroad. For cruising clothes, a visit should be paid to Walpole's, New Bond Street, who specialise in charming frocks for hot climates. The model above is wearing a simple dress in heavy spun silk. It is available in white and pastel colours for three guineas, while the printed Marcella coat only costs 39s. 6d.

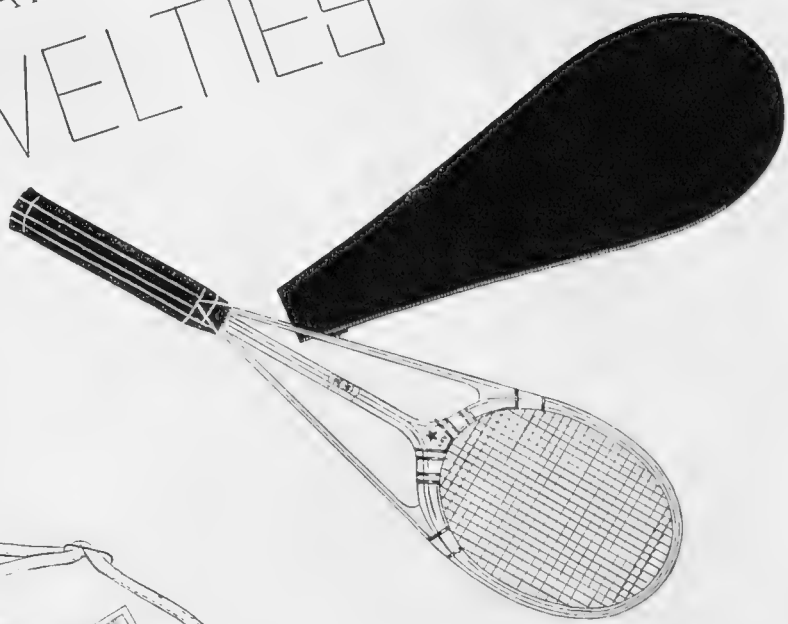
Informal dances, either on board ship or at the Kursaal, occupy many evenings, and it is just as well not to wear anything too fragile. Light, crease-resisting materials are ideal, as they always look cool and are easily cleaned. The dress on the right comes from Walpole, and is made in flowered voile with a red and black design against a light background. A fichu collar is youthful and very flattering, while the ruched frills are repeated round the hem of the skirt. It costs only 79s. 6d., and is available in several artistic colour schemes

Plain dark blue slacks, perfectly tailored and fitting neatly over the hips, accompanied by a boy's shirt with an Eton collar and contrasting check, completes the outfit pictured above from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The material is "sharkskin," an unusually smooth, matt fabric which is frequently seen in dead white, as in a delightful culotte suit with a short military coat buttoning from neck to hem. Wide slacks are a becoming alternative to trousers, also shorts if the wearer has pretty legs. The latter are slightly longer this year, and look well with fitted mess jackets, or for sun-bathing, backless sun tops in bright colours, either knitted or in silk. Another idea for the beach and sitting about in the garden is a one-piece mechanic's overall in either alpaca or linen. These are severely tailored and usually seen in plain shades, such as red and navy, with perhaps a contrasting belt

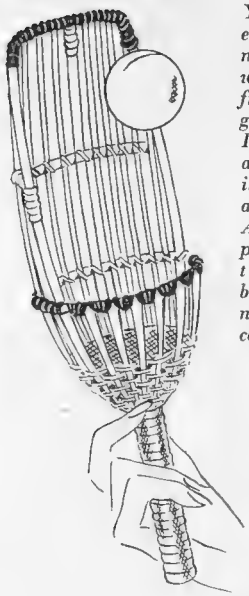
It is difficult to believe that the ensemble on the left is not merely a playsuit but a perfectly good swim suit. Harvey Nichols are showing silk challis for the sea, and it is certainly exceptionally becoming. The suit itself with a brassière top is lined with stockinette, while the coat which accompanies it is full length like a redingote, with puff sleeves and turn-back collar. There are several lovely designs to choose from in a variety of beautiful colours, and the complete outfit only costs 6½ guineas. Talking of beach coats, they are often made in very elaborate materials suitable for wearing with evening dresses, and vary in length from three-quarter to ground length. Furnishing linen, glazed chintz, and stockinette are some of the fabrics used. Play suits in shrunk cottons and linens, printed with groups of South Sea natives carrying baskets of fruit, are original, whereas in plain white they may also be worn for tennis

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in SEARCH of NOVELTIES

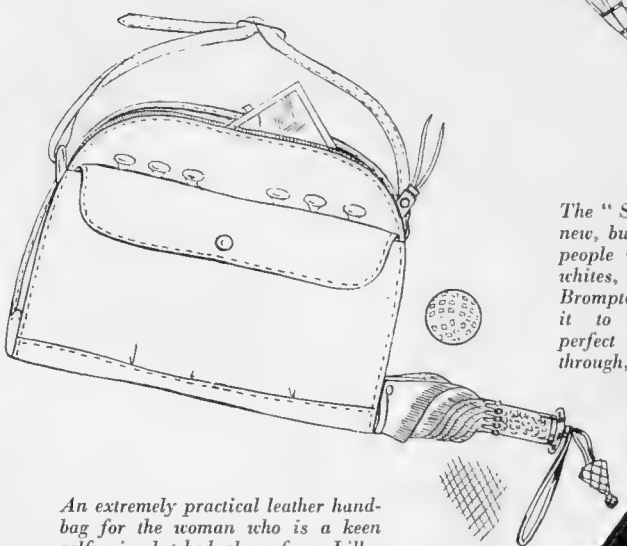
DISCOVERED BY PETA PICTURED BY PAM



The "Streamline" racket is not exactly new, but as there are still a number of people who have never used it, Lilly-whites, of Piccadilly Circus and Brompton Road, have contributed it to this page. The struts give perfect balance, an easy "follow through," and lessen wind resistance

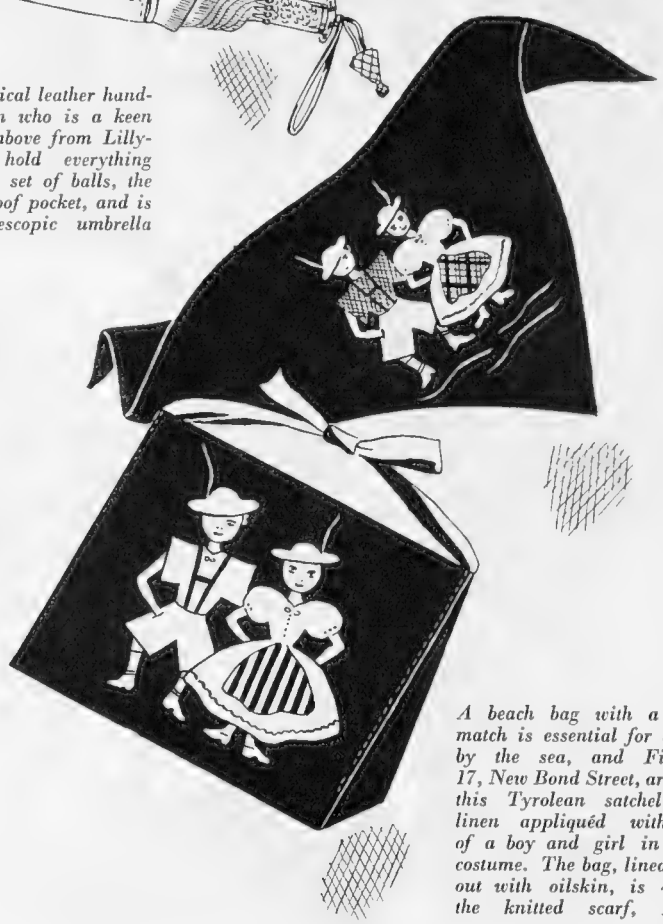


Young and old will enjoy "Corballo," a new open-air game which has been evolved from the old Basque game of "Pelota." It is played with a cane basket which is used to throw and catch the ball. A set for two players complete with two "Corballo" baskets and the necessary equipment costs 50s. at Harrods



An extremely practical leather handbag for the woman who is a keen golfer is sketched above from Lilly-whites. It will hold everything from a purse to a set of balls, the latter in a waterproof pocket, and is fitted with a telescopic umbrella

Animal Quoits is an amusing game for a garden-party, and can be played by any number of people. It costs 12s. 6d. at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and is played like garden quoits with the player standing some distance off to throw. In this case, however, the target is moving, which makes it extra difficult



A beach bag with a scarf to match is essential for a holiday by the sea, and Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, are showing this Tyrolean satchel in red linen appliquéd with figures of a boy and girl in national costume. The bag, lined throughout with oilskin, is 42s., and the knitted scarf, 13s. 9d.

'Celanese' says.

A veritable *robe de nuit* in the grand manner. In 'Celanese' Ninon it wears such an enchanting delicate air — yet it stands up under the test of innumerable launderings.

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, W.1.

FOR SEA AND SUN

A TWO-PIECE for Sea or Sun, printed in an attractive and exclusive design on Silk with ground shades of Sky, Navy, White or Gold

The PLAY-SUIT which is backless as shewn in the small illustration has a close-fitting woven milanese lining. The loose COAT has a box pleat at centre back introducing colours to match borders. *In 3 sizes* 6½ Gns.

Lillywhites LTD

OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Great things were expected of J. O. Levinson, of Webhannet, U.S.A., in the Amateur, but he fell to the English Champion, Frank Pennink, in the fourth round. Chapman and Wehrle were the last American club players to survive

The Final of the Amateur Championship (*Cont. from p.* 524)

eighteenth changed hands, came in to lunch one up, having holed in the course in approximately 73 strokes to Munn's approximate 74.

THE crisis of the match came at the short sixth hole in the afternoon; Sweeny had lost the fourth and fifth, so Munn stood on the sixth tee one up for the first time. Sweeny must have been at least slightly shaken, and if Munn had put his tee shot on the green, Sweeny might not have. Munn finished in a bunker on the right and played a bad recovery and Sweeny then, having been given an inch took an ell, not only won this hole, but also the next two. Munn had now shot his bolt, and although he fought bravely he was clearly from now on fighting a losing battle. Like tired men do he missed putts, including two very short ones, one from just over two feet at the twelfth and one from under two feet at the fourteenth.

The end was delayed by a small boy moving behind Sweeny as he played his tee shot to the fifteenth, but it came at the sixteenth, where Munn putted so short that no one could possibly doubt that he was a very tired man; Sweeny kindly saved him the trouble of trying to hole his second putt by holing his first putt for the hole and the match.

NOTE, ye sluggards, that the first round in the final was played in two and a-half hours, that one player was over fifty years of age, that the walks from the greens to the next tees are as long at St. George's as on the majority of courses on which championships are played, that the players had to wait continually before playing to allow the gallery to settle down, and that there is a lot of heavy walking up and down hills at Sandwich. The last sixteen holes were played in two hours and one quarter.

Even the greatest admirer of Munn must admit that Sweeny was the right man to win; I shall be surprised if he does not win again; if he does not I hope there will be more champions like him. It was a pleasure to watch the final and a great pity that there were not more of those, who require lessons in golfing manners, present to see how they should conduct themselves on the golf course.

At the Twenty-First

Count Alaric de Bendern, seen here playing out a protracted early battle with Allan Macbeth, went on to the semi-final at Sandwich, where he was beaten by the runner-up, L. O. M. Munn

Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on Sunshine*

We breakfast on our balcony: the air is cool and fragrant, the newspapers are two days old and still unread, and what do we care?

We go down to the swimming-pool: the sun is hot, hot, hot, and all day we lie in it, or swim for a few moments in the pool or float idly in the translucent sea itself, until our bodies are all light and warmth and clean salt water.

We eat in the loggia restaurant: cool summer meals, with iced beer or cold golden wine, and always the perfect Mediterranean figs.

We play tennis or Mont Agel golf with an energy reborn as the sun slopes down.

We dine out of doors, we gamble or dance under the stars. The sunshine is still warm in the stone balustrade as we lean and look out over the velvet hidden sea.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two Beach Hotels right down by the sea, and the famous Hotel de Paris in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting.

About the Summer Sporting Club where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-skiing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the Country Club's twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of Mont Agel.

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the Grand Prix around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "Sun Beach" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf *(Continued from page ii)*

latest novel, *Rose Forbes*, the biography of an Unknown Woman (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*). "Here is an author," I said, "who understands real drama—the drama of ordinary life." Rose's story is that of an everyday girl who gets married, whose husband is drowned, who then drifts from job to job, makes a second and unsuccessful marriage with a drapery king fired with municipal ambitions, and ends by escaping, not as she had intended into the arms of a lover, but into the calmer and more enduring sanctuary of the spirit at peace with itself. Mr. Buchanan's technique—the short paragraph, with tersely turned phrase, the spot-light with its brief illumination of the swiftly-changing scenes—is very effective for his theme. A novel of ordinary life altogether out of the ordinary.

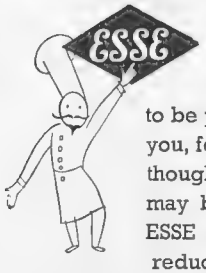
"A Girl Must Live," by Emery Bonett (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a light-hearted romance of the gold-digging industry among the high-stepping (and, matrimonially speaking, high-flying) young ladies of the Blue Roof Cabaret. The bevy of cuties—known as Joe Gold's Angels—went over pretty big: but impersonal audiences were less to their taste than a good solid earl with a country castle and an income to match. Clytie, the favourite, was quickly outstripped (*le mot juste*?) by Gloria, the sophisticated innocent, who knew that there was "no harm in looking like a milkmaid so long as you don't look as though it 's from force of circumstances." Gloria's diary—for that is what the book amounts to—is a story of saucy adventure in quest of the Main Chance: and if the heroine missed the prize, she has a good run—for other people's money. *A Girl Must Live* is not for the ultra-respectable. But if you have a night off and feel like "going round afterwards" to see *les girls*, this book will suit you very well. It is deliciously illustrated by Anna K. Zinkeisen.

Domestic life offers infinite scope for anecdote, humour, the little everyday incident with a twist at the end. Richard Lockridge in a series of domestic happenings entitled *Mr. and Mrs. North* (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*), gets his effects quietly, relying more on subtlety than rollicking humour. There is an engaging simplicity about this couple. They look on the world with shy wonder, just as Mr. North looked at the slipcover man who "threw back his head, for all the world as if he were taking a drink, and tossed the pins into his mouth." The fear lest the man should swallow a pin so works upon Mr. North that he himself can do nothing but keep on swallowing! Mr. North and the potato chips is another amusing episode. But not all the pieces are as good as these.

Since all roads lead to Rome, there is much to be said for choosing the least dusty, the least traffic-blocked and certainly the loveliest—the garden-path, in fact. This route has been agreeably mapped out for us by Mr. G. A. Jellicoe in his *Gardens of Europe* (Blackie; 12*s.* 6*d.*). The author, who has based his book on three public lectures given at the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1936, first takes us on tour round the gardens of England and Scotland, ending up with the garden that "summarises the whole of English Gardens," Hampton Court. Crossing the Channel, the tour continues through France, Germany, and Austria and so to the gardens of Italy with their favourite feature, the "Giardino secreto," and "the most dramatic and spectacular of all gardens," that of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. The book is well illustrated. The views taken from the air—that, for example, of Hatfield—are particularly effective in revealing the features of garden design. A charming volume.

Another book with the same kind of natural attraction is Mr. G. K. Yeates's *A Bird Lover's Britain* (Philip Allan; 15*s.*). In writing of birds, Mr. Yeates has tried to steer a middle course between "maudlin sentimentality" (which he is not alone in hating) and the purely scientific or technical standpoint. In fact, he has produced a work of sheer delight. The photographs—seventy-one of them in all—could hardly be better. The only feature I missed was an index.

Finally, I would like at least to mention two delectable books, published by Faber and Faber at 6*s.* each—*Drawings of the Holbein Family*, containing sixty-one Plates after drawings by Hans Holbein and his sons, Ambrosius and Hans, chosen and edited by Edmund Schilling; and *Portraits and Studies of Women*, fifty-eight Old Master drawings from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century, chosen and edited by J. Mathey.



The beauty of an ESSE will delight you, and first impressions are important. The efficiency of an ESSE will interest you, though you expect a modern cooker to be practical. The achievements of an ESSE will inspire you, for such a standard of cooking is rare. But, convincing though these qualities may be, your decision to buy an ESSE may be influenced by quite another factor—economy. An ESSE is an asset; it saves you pounds every year; it reduces running costs so considerably that only a demonstration can convince you of this truth. In fact, as no other cooker achieves quite so much for just so little, wouldn't it pay you to know more about it? Full particulars are obtainable from Dept. B6, THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY, Bonnybridge, Scotland, or from 63, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

★ The PREMIER ESSE No. 71 is ideal for large residences. This famous Heat Storage Cooker is noted for its fine cooking, efficient service and low running costs. Fuel: anthracite. For smaller households ask for particulars of the ESSE MINOR.

The ESSE delights THE EYE THE PALATE THE POCKET

ILLUSTRATED IS THE PREMIER ESSE No. 71

Ready for anything in half an hour!

IN the swiftly moving world of to-day it is useful to remember that Austin Reed's are at all times able, in half an hour, to equip you with first-class, ready tailored clothes for every social and sporting occasion. You are able to choose with full confidence in the correctness of the cut, the quality of the materials and the value for money.

We have morning coats and waistcoats for six guineas, and trousers for thirty-seven and sixpence and forty-seven and sixpence. We also have grey waistcoats, single-breasted for fourteen and sixpence, double-breasted for sixteen and sixpence and eighteen and sixpence.

Just a part of the

AUSTIN REED

service

103 REGENT STREET, W.1 · 13 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3

Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Sheffield, Southampton

Summer Holiday Air Lines

By Charles Ward

Flying Over the Water

IF it 's over the water you are going for a holiday, you will find the air way a boon and a blessing. Not only does it save those hours you used to spend on the boat, trying to make yourself comfortable on a vehicle that refuses to be still, but there 's no smell of old rope in the air and the view is a tonic in itself. Toy ships, that seem scarcely to move at all across a painted ocean; glimpses of coastline and the sight of other aircraft keep up the interest of those who don't find flying itself a soporific. There are two new services to Jersey for the summer season, one from Brighton and the other from Exeter, the latter connecting with the West of England and the Midlands. It is 150 miles from Shoreham to Jersey and this occupies seventy-five minutes in a de Havilland "Express," which carries fourteen passengers and luggage. There 's an air mail to Jersey from Southampton, letters now taking one day from London instead of two. Whether you 're off to the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Man, Ireland, or the Continent, there are aeroplanes waiting. In Bradshaw, you will find a dozen services to Paris a day, so if you arrive at Croydon without a ticket, you haven't long to wait before you are in the air. Nearly every country in Europe has a direct service from London, and to the others there are easy connections. Imperials have commenced the new route to South Africa—by flying-boat all the way to Durban, via the Nile, across Kenya to Mombassa, and then down the coast. When the Empire mail scheme is complete, there will be nine 'planes a week to and from Egypt, five to and from India, and two to and from South Africa and Australia. Route speed depends on the perfection of aids to night flying, but when these are complete, Karachi and Kisumu will be within sixty hours of London, Cape Town and Singapore within a hundred. Imperials are to increase their capital to £5,000,000, in order to cope with the additions to the fleet that will be needed in the near future. Already, flying-boats to carry fifty passengers are under way, cruising speed at 200 miles an hour being stipulated. The Empire air-mail scheme—all letters at 1½*d.* per half ounce—will be in full flight next year

A close-up of an item to be included in the R.A.F. Display—two airmen descending by parachute from the wings of a bomber. The smooth operation of an Irvin 'chute can be traced from the photograph

OLYMPIA
INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW
June 17th to June 26th, 1937 at 2.15 & 8 p.m. Daily

•

CORONATION YEAR PROGRAMME

SPECIAL DISPLAYS—LES COSAQUES DJIGUITES (The Cossacks): INDOOR POLO CHAMPIONSHIP (Evenings only): CANFORD SCHOOL: CADRE NOIR, Saumur Cavalry School (at certain performances only): JUMPING COMPETITIONS.

•

GALA AFTERNOONS—JUNE 21. Edward, Prince of Wales Cup. JUNE 24. King George V Gold Challenge Cup (Jumping Competitions). Seats 2/6 (unreserved); 4/- to 21/-.

Box Office: Until June 12th. 66 Sloane St., S.W.1. Phone: Sloane 9144 and at Olympia, W. Kensington.

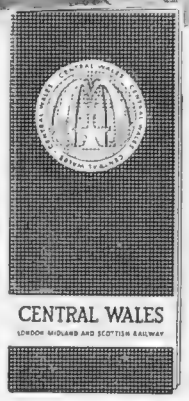
JOIN THE MEMBERS CLUB. **Subscription 3 Gns.** *Privileges include free seat at all performances.*

Stephens

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

CENTRAL WALES

—where life flows serenely



Central Wales is very restful, very charming. The first glimpse of its verdant slopes and breezy uplands and the vista of its encircling mountains induces at once a quiet happiness.

Hustle and noise have no place here. Central Wales is indeed ideal for those who seek the more leisurely kind of holiday amid delightful scenery.

There is excellent golf and tennis in any of the Central Wales resorts, and the angler will enjoy the really fine Salmon aud Trout fishing available hereabouts.

Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells and Builth Wells are famous for their first class hospitality as well as their health-giving waters.

Central Wales is easily reached. Monthly Return Tickets are only 1½d. a mile 1st class and 1d. a mile 3rd class by LMS Express Trains. When you arrive at your centre (Llandrindod Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Builth Wells or Llangammarch Wells) you can obtain at the Booking Office an LMS Holiday Contract Ticket. It costs 15/- and with it you can travel for a week wherever you wish and as often as you wish in the whole area.

The illustrated folder "Central Wales," the "Holiday Contract Ticket" folder and "Cheap Fares" booklet can be obtained free from any LMS station or office.

★ *Don't forget your 15/- Holiday Contract Ticket when you get to Central Wales.*

Buy a copy of
"HOLIDAYS BY LMS"
price 6d. at any LMS station or office, or from any bookstall or bookseller. Fully illustrated and containing hotel, boarding-house and apartment addresses.

Go by L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Little bird says—

M'DEARS, SECRET OF DEWY LIPS IS THE

NEW TATTOO!

Dewy, *but* dewy! The biggest piece of lipstick news yet! New Tattoo makes lips eager, soft, gives the dew of youth . . . turning matron's lips to maiden's from Manhattan to Mayfair! There's heart trouble in its sweet tenderness . . . every exotic South Sea Tattoo shade takes on dawn-dewy magic! Let's repeat—dawn-dewy lips as advertised. Perfectly, permanently so! Staying put through all the hours that come . . . Saving that make-up routine. Ne'er a suspicion of puckering, drying. Need we say it—the new dawn-dewy Tattoo is secret to Tattoo alone!

4/6 REFILLS 3/6

"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine.* Positively *won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.* Yes—dewy too!

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never before Tattoo dewiness.*

"NATURAL"—*a medium shade—is a true, rich blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!*

At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

TATTOO

The EMPIRE GROUP OF HOTELS

ALWAYS FIRST-CLASS

The Hotels comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts.

The keynote is efficiency in service—cheerful surroundings—amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes—food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.

BUSHEY HALL HOTEL
Bushey

A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY MANSION HOTEL within 30 minutes of the West End of London by rail or road. 18-hole Golf Course free to visitors. Hard and Grass Tennis Courts, Riding, Dancing, Swimming.

Hotels under the control of Empire Hotels Ltd.:

Bath - - The Empire
Blackpool The Metropole
Brighton - The Grand
Bushey - Bushey Hall
London—16 miles—free golf
Eastbourne - The Queen's
Lynton The Valley of Rocks
Ramsgate - The Granville
Scarborough The Grand
Southampton The South-Western
AND
LONDON Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
LONDON South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

Brochures and Tariffs from Resident Managers or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 522)*

Lizana as a probable winner at Wimbledon this year, and her match with Miss Marble was in the nature of a dress rehearsal for the big occasion. It was a near thing—Miss Marble was within a point of both sets, but Miss Lizana's superior and remarkable speed saved her. This was a fine victory for Señorita Lizana, for Miss Marble is a formidable opponent, with her smashing first service and her fighting spirit and her wide experience.

It is worth noting, incidentally, that Donald Budge of America had little difficulty in beating Jack Crawford of Australia in the Davis Cup match the other day, and I have a strong feeling that this may be Budge's year at Wimbledon.

Prelude to Wimbledon?

Alice Marble (U.S.A.) and Anita Lizana (Chile), possible finalists at Wimbledon, showed their respective forms in the finals of the Middlesex Championships at Chiswick: the North American went down after two long and hard-fought sets (9—7, 9—7). The same day, Señorita Lizana was receiving congratulations on her engagement to Ronald Ellis, of Invergowrie, although she said the announcement was not yet official

In the meanwhile, Perry and Vines continue their marathon match, and if Perry did play brilliantly to win the Coronation Cup, the chapter is not yet closed by any means. The official welcome to Perry has not been exactly warm, and this seems to me a pity. But there—we still have a long way to go before we get our outlook on the amateur and professional question rationalised. One of these days we shall approach the problem with a certain amount of realism, and sport will be the healthier for it.

The heat wave also had its effect on the final of the Amateur Golf Championship, when twenty-five-year-old Robert Sweeny beat fifty-year-old Lionel Munn. A hot day at Sandwich is a hot day, as anyone who has played on the admirable Royal St. George's course there will agree. And it was no wonder that Munn said afterwards, not as an excuse, but simply as a statement of fact, that towards the end he could hardly drag one leg after another. He did remarkably well to hold his young opponent so closely, and when he wiped off his deficit of three holes and took the lead at the 23rd, it did seem possible that he might pull through. Sweeny, however, is a very good player indeed—there is, in that grooved swing of his, more than a shadow of the methods of the great Bobby Jones, with whom he has played a great deal. His was a popular victory, even if it must be reckoned an American triumph, though there was a good deal of sentimental support for Munn, who well deserved to round off his great golfing career with the Championship.

Turning for a moment to boxing, we have the sudden revival of Max Baer to puzzle us. Certainly we expected him to beat Ben Foord, who never was more than an extremely courageous but exceedingly crude champion. What baffled us, though, was the fact that Baer still very obviously has a punch. In this fight his hands seemed sound enough, and that makes it so hard to understand why he never appeared to let himself go against Tommy Farr. In that fight he was apparently holding himself back, as if he dared not risk his hands. Not once did he even attempt the sort of punch which sent Foord reeling to defeat. Boxing is a rum game, there's no doubt of that, but Baer is obviously someone to be reckoned with again. And now we are waiting for the scrap between Farr and Neusel next week, and that should be an interesting one indeed.

BY APPOINTMENT

Tenova for Tennis

● Tenova self-supporting socks are ideally comfortable and hygienic for tennis. The special patented design with a top band containing lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg, no suspenders—when the socks go to the laundry, the top band goes too. 3/6 and 4/6.
● Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Registered in 1929.
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424

insist on *Turknit*
WHEN BUYING A FACE CLOTH

- They are softer—
- Dry faster—
- Are more absorbent—
- And longer wearing

BECAUSE—
they are KNITTED on patent machines with highest grade American Cotton

PLEASE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—NO OTHER FACE CLOTH IS MADE OF THIS MATERIAL

Stocked by Boots, Harrods, Selfridges, and all good Chemists and Stores in a variety of styles (white and fast pastel colours), from 6d. to 1s. 3d.

the Aristocrat of Face Cloths

FOR HEALTH & PLEASURE

STANDS in own beautiful grounds of 200 acres, including 18-hole golf course and home farm. Magnificent sea and mountain air. Fully licensed, superb cuisine and accommodation. Private suites. 95 bedrooms. Garage. Officially appointed A.A. and R.A.C.

OAKWOOD PARK HOTEL
Telephone: CONWAY 25
Telegrams OAKWOOD, CONWAY
CONWAY. N.WALES

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
Write
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD.,
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

AIX-LES-BAINS
GRAND HOTEL D'AIX

THE BEST SITUATION IN THE TOWN, NEXT TO THE GRAND CERCLE, OVERLOOKING THE GARDENS, AND CLOSE TO THE NEW THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Moderate Prices

WITH ITS FAMOUS OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT
"LES AMBASSADEURS"

"A SQUADRON OF THE OLD SCHOOL"

THE SAIL TRAINING OF HIS LATE MAJESTY

The old Training Squadron, which ceased to exist in 1902, comprised *Calypso*, *Volage*, *Active* and *Rover*, iron corvettes of about 3,000 tons. The three first named are shown in the picture, *Calypso* being in the centre. In *Canada*, another vessel of the "C" class belonging to the Squadron, King George V. served as a midshipman.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.

has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.

There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) £2.2.0

ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1.1.0

The size of the print is approximately 15 inches by 10 inches.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland registered postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4
Telephone: Central 1010

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date 1937

Postage Rates: INLAND 2d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3½d.

RESTORE YOUR VITALITY

BY TAKING
HOLIDAYS ON THE
EAST COAST
THE DRIER SIDE

23 MAPS
4 PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENTS
HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES OF APARTMENTS, HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES

This Book tells you how cheaply it can be done

Contains:

- TARIFFS OF ACCOMMODATION
- MONTHLY RETURN TICKET FARES at a Penny a Mile
- WEEKLY HOLIDAY SEASON TICKET FARES with Maps enabling you to travel as often as you like around your holiday headquarters—

ENGLAND from 5/- SCOTLAND from 7/6 according to area.

MANY DAY AND HALF-DAY L·N·E·R BUFFET CAR EXCURSIONS FOR YOU TO SEE AND BOOK YOUR ACCOMMODATION IN ADVANCE

Full information from any L·N·E·R Station, Office or Agency, or Passenger Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2; York; Waverley Station, Edinburgh; or Traffic Superintendent, L·N·E·R, Aberdeen.

It's Quicker by Rail!

Reunion *(Continued from page 520)*

happen to be head of this studio and you two are under contract to me. Also, we 've got a picture to make. So I think we 'll all sit down and have a nice quiet talk about how we 're going to make it. Is that clear, children ? " He twisted his lips into something that was partly a scowl, partly a beatific smile.

" If you can keep her locked up we 'll finish the film in a fortnight," said Sandford.

" If you give me a real leading man, perhaps we 'll get somewhere," said Lydia.

Graefel took a deep breath : he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. Then suddenly he exclaimed :

" Oh, you 're both useless ! Played out ! Finished ! All you can do now is scrap ! Not that either of you were ever much good at acting. I 'd better——"

" What 's that ? " they cried simultaneously.

" I know the script well enough to direct the film ! " flashed Lydia.

" I 'm ready to shoot whenever you like," growled Sandford.

So, half an hour later . . .

" We start here," said Barnes, directing. " Scene 29 . . ."

He nodded to a boy standing by who came forward and, clapping two pieces of wood in front of the microphone, repeated, " Scene 29—Love in the Parlour." Then there was dead silence.

" You must come away with me—now," said Sandford tensely.

" Now ? " faltered Lydia.

" Yes, to-day. This house is stifling you—it dictates your whole life, your very thoughts. You 're tired : you want air. All these years you 've given to your mother. Haven't you now some little time for me ? "

" It will break her heart——"

" But what of mine ? Isn't that breakable ? Oh, my darling, you *must* listen to me. Come away. Come away at once . . ."

As the scene wore on, Graefel's face became more and more cheerful. When they had to break off for the cameras to be readjusted, he drew Barnes on one side.

" Didn't I tell you ? " he cried jubilantly. " Nothing like having a couple of genuine lovers to play together in a picture ! The more they fight, the more the fiercer they love. Just watch that technique ! "

Barnes looked surprised.

" You put them together on purpose ? "

" Of course—that 's what I was waiting for. Directly I heard Sandford's play was off, I cabled him a contract. I knew they 'd fight first of all, but I thought I 'd be able to bring 'em round somehow."

" Well," said the director carefully, " I hope you 've succeeded."

" There 's no doubt of it," said Graefel confidently. " I 'm going back to my office. Ring me there if you want me."

An hour later he was just taking up his hat, gloves and stick when the studio extension rang. He smiled benevolently as he took it up. He had already reckoned what this big picture was going to bring him in, taking into account the big pull of the stars' names. And the amount was very satisfactory.

" Yes, Barnes ? " he said pleasantly.

" About that scene," the director drawled. " They 've finished it and it 's darned good. Magnificent, in fact—never seen anything like it. But it 's the only scene we 'll make."

" What the devil d'you mean ! " bellowed Graefel.

" They got into the spirit of the thing all right. Lydia played so tender she melted us. And Sandford was the great, persuasive lover. The scene must 've carried them away. Right away—they 've gone——"

" Gone ? Where ? "

" Well, the doorman says he saw them driving off in an old buggy of a car a few minutes ago. Lydia was still acting all sweet—upturned, trusting face, trusting eyes, and all that kinda thing. And Sandford was yelling something about taking a boat to Russia. Bit of a nuisance, isn't it ? "

" Bit of a nuisance . . . ! " Max Graefel, head of Graefel Pictures Inc., flung his hat, his stick, and the telephone at the door—then heaved up his chair.

" Lovers ! " he shrieked. " Lovers ! "

A cascade of glass fell to the floor.

THE END.

Women's Golf : " Bystander " Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

May Results : Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss P. Mitchell	Chislehurst	75	12	63	70	7 below
Mrs. H. Mobbs	Northants County	86	15	71	78	7 "
Mrs. G. W. M. Miller	Gullane	88	18	70	77	7 "
Mrs. Ian Grant	Erskine	86	18	68	75	7 "
Mrs. D. M. Cruickshank	West Byfleet	79	10	69	74	5 "
Mrs. W. D. T. Green	Gullane	84	12	72	77	5 "
Miss Joan Sansom	Drayton Park	85	13	72	77	5 "
Mrs. E. E. Stacey	Isipingo Beach, S. Africa	86	15	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Joan Henderson	Sleaford	85	18	67	72	5 "
Miss C. M. Park	Royal Musselburgh	76	3	73	77	4 "
Mrs. J. N. Kerr	Bombay Presidency	74	7	67	71	4 "
Mrs. Elsie A. Templeton	Erskine	80	9	71	75	4 "
Miss K. Pengilly	Came Down	86	15	71	75	4 "
Mrs. J. White	Barrackpore	87	18	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Anne Sharp	Stoneham	82	11	71	74	3 "
Miss N. Plunket	Alnmouth	85	13	72	75	3 "
Miss J. Dickinson Fair	Ormskirk	85	14	71	74	3 "
Mrs. F. A. Sellars	Woodsome Hall	87	15	72	75	3 "
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane	74	Plus 1	75	77	2 "
Miss J. Southam	Walmer and Kingsdown	74	2	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Valpy French	Exmouth	78	9	69	71	2 "
Miss B. B. Walker	Ranfurly Castle	87	11	76	78	2 "
Mrs. Archie Cox	Gullane	84	11	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Greatrex	Ashton Wood	89	15	74	76	2 "
Mrs. G. Buckley	Withington	87	15	72	74	2 "
Miss D. Voyle	Goodwood	88	17	71	73	2 "
Miss F. Stewart	Huyton	89	18	71	73	2 "
Miss E. Scott	West Bradford	87	18	69	71	2 "
Miss B. Jackson	Chislehurst	74	5	69	70	1 "
Miss D. Hornsey	Hockley	82	11	71	72	1 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Saunders	Bramley	90	30	60	73	13 below
Mrs. M. B. Turner	Withington	94	34	60	73	13 "
Miss J. Sills	Beeston Fields	96	35	61	73	12 "
Miss K. Smith	Worsley	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. Gill	Cuddington	87	22	65	76	11 "
Mrs. Flett	Derbyshire	88	25	63	74	11 "
Miss J. D. Blyth	Gullane	86	19	67	77	10 "
Miss M. K. Davies	Woodsome Hall	98	32	66	75	9 "
Miss R. L. Bedale	Prestbury and Upton	102	36	66	75	9 "
Mrs. A. F. Kearns	Northenden	99	35	64	73	9 "
Miss M. Crawford	Hockley	93	29	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Harpham	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	95	27	68	75	7 "
Miss B. Coward	Llangollen and District	97	32	65	72	7 "
Miss M. Black	Chevin	101	35	66	73	7 "
Mrs. L. T. Brown	Nevin and District	100	35	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Enid Caswell	Kettering	101	35	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Paul Tingley	Worsley	103	36	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Bridgen	Withington	103	36	67	74	7 "
Miss A. Lyons	Cleveland	103	36	67	74	7 "
Miss G. M. Evans	Whitchurch (Cardiff)	102	36	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Begbie Gray	Gullane	88	19	69	75	6 "
Miss U. Voyle	Goodwood	92	25	67	73	6 "
Mrs. M. McGrath	Dulwich and Sydenham	95	26	69	75	6 "
Mrs. K. L. Boyes	South Shields	106	36	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Knight	Bloxwich	103	36	67	73	6 "
Miss D. Bushell	Rugby	101	36	65	71	6 "
Miss M. G. Macleod	Wilpshire	90	20	70	75	5 "
Miss H. Jackson	Swansea Bay	90	21	69	74	5 "
Miss Colthurst	North Hants	89	21	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Wiginton	Holtye	86	21	65	70	5 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, June 9, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents : International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Limited.

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204-6, REGENT STREET, W.1

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

John Penton and Doris Bachert

Left: John Penton and Doris Bachert are to be married in the English Church at Zurich in July. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Penton, of 7, Weymouth Court, W.1; she is the daughter of the late Max Bachert and Mme. Ella Bachert, of Zurich, Switzerland

Right: Pauline Stevens is the elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. P. R. B. Stevens, of 44, Christchurch Road, Winchester; she is engaged to Thomas Clouston Wallace, son of Sir David Wallace, K.B.E., C.M.G., F.R.C.S., and Lady Wallace, of 6, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh

Lenare

Pauline Stevens

Lafayette

Sylvia Bradley

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Hermon Bradley, of Eyot Wood, Shiplake, Oxon., and is engaged to Neville Franklin Crump, 4th Hussars, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Crump, of North Stoke, Oxon.

Catherine Bell

Joan Abney

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Guy Abney, of Heathlands, Richmond, Surrey; she is engaged to Clive Bailey, elder son of the late Harold Bailey and Mrs. Bailey, of Kingston Hill, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Edna May Hartley

Is the daughter of the late Charles Hartley and Mrs. Barbara Hartley, of 15, Lancaster Gate, W.2; she is engaged to Henry Frederick Lawrence Turner, of 4, Lancaster Gate, W.2, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Turner, of Crossways, Goring-on-Thames

Lenare

Mrs. Sheila Turner Laing

Is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Brown, and widow of Lt.-Comdr. G. A. Turner Laing, of 88, Coleherne Court, S.W.5; she is engaged to Hubert Raphael, of 21, Aldford House, Park Street, W.1, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Raphael

Lenare

Marjorie Evelyn Nevile

Is the daughter of Major M. M. Nevile, of Hatfield, near Doncaster, and Mrs. Evelyn Nevile, and is engaged to John Dalton Deverell, son of Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, G.C.I.G.S., and Lady Deverell, of Court Lodge, Lymington, Hants.

Tunbridge

Peggy Runge

Is the daughter of the late J. J. Runge and Mrs. Runge, of St. John's House, Smith Square, S.W.1; she is engaged to Niall Macpherson, third son of Sir Stuart and Lady Macpherson, of Newtonmore, Inverness-shire

Bassano

Yvonne Noel Jaques

Is the younger daughter of the late Major J. H. Jaques and Mrs. J. C. Chaytor, of The West House, Thirsk, Yorkshire; she is engaged to Donald Fairrie, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. H. Fairrie, of Littlebourne Lodge, Sandgate

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Marjorie Speakman

Is the widow of Myles Speakman, and daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. G. Prowse and Mrs. Prowse, of 54, Drayton Gardens, S.W.; she is engaged to Cedric Cree Selby, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Millin Selby, of Knocke, Belgium

Beach and Bathing Kit

"Palm Tree"

The "Palm Tree" Two-piece. One of a range of Hawaiian Swim Suits. Well cut laced brassiere and neat fitting trunks. In black/blue, black/coral or black/jade. Sizes 34, 36 and 38 ins. - - 15/11

"Midshipmaid"

"Midshipmaid." An ideal name for this smart outfit by Wolsey. Well cut trousers in good quality wool, fastening at sides with three self buttons, and "monkey jacket" to match with broad shoulders and wide lapels. In navy or nigger. Trousers: waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. - - - - - - 12/11

Jacket, sizes 34, 36 and 38 ins. 10/-

Fourth Floor

Swan & Edgar LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1. 'Phone: REGent 1616.

Exclusive Lingerie

by Debenhams

Catalogue sent on request.

A simple design with an empire line.

In pure silk washing satin, this nightdress is trimmed with contrasting shades of hand veining. In parchment/turquoise, peach/green, white/sky, sky/mauve or self lingerie colourings. W. Size - - 49/6

Larger sizes 59/6

Petticoat knicker with elastex waist. In beige, ivory, peach, pink and black. W. Sizes - 21/9

Larger sizes 25/9

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Langham 4444 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Burdick — Addison

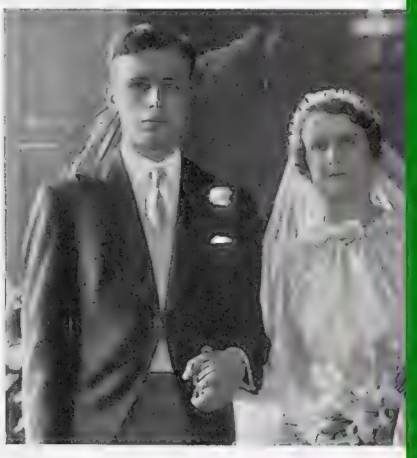
At St. Peter's, Iver, Flt.-Lt. George Burdick, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Burdick, of Overcliffe, Dawlish, Devon, married Kathleen May Addison, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Addison, of Delaford Park, Iver, Buckinghamshire

Mitchell — Price

Capt. Brian Mitchell, Royal Marines, elder of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mitchel Co. Monaghan, and Violet Price, only daug of Major Sir Charles and Lady Price Clareston, Haverfordwest, Pembrokes were married at Holy Trinity, Sunning

Sullivan — Turner

Michael John Kent Sullivan, son of Canon A. M. Sullivan, Rector of Richmond, Yorks., and Mrs. Sullivan, married Aileen Mary Turner at Holy Trinity, Putney. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Turner, of Brantwood, Putney Heath Lane, S.W.15



Chamberlin — Cook

Guy Ronald Chamberli Langhurst Hill, Petw Commander T. R. Cha Pickard, married Mary of the Rev. Gerald and Rectory, Windsor, at

Atherton — Hermon

Captain Thomas G. Atherton, Royal Deccan Horse, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Atherton, and Olga Margaret Hermon, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. E. W. Hermon, D.S.O., King Edward's Horse, and the late Mrs. Hermon, were married at the Chapel of the Savoy

Wilks — M

Maurice Wilks, youn T. Wilks and Mrs. House, Farnham, an Hurst, elder daughter Martin-Hurst, of The ton, were married at